Agents sending in subscriptions without remittance must state distinctly how long they are to run.

Agents are personally charged with and held responsible for unpaid subscriptions sent in by them.

WEEKLY PEOPLE

The date on which your subscription expires will be found on the label opposite your name.

The paper will be stopped on that day unless previously renewed.

VOL. XIII. No. 49. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1904. PRICE TWO CENTS 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

BEBEL'S DRESDEN SPEECH

Translated by Gottfried Ollendorf.

Now arises the question: "Shall we change our present tactics?" When should a party change its tactics? For that tactics are not eternal is self-evident. In his drastic manner Liebknecht once said: "If necessary I change my tactics twenty-four times within twenty-four hours." It was a very drastic but eminently correct expression. But the tactics of every party must conform to the basic principles underlying the party-formation and if I really should be compelled to change my tactics twenty-four times in as many hours, not once must they be in disagreement with our principles. ("Quite right.") There lies the decision! And this then is the debatable question: if in reality we have come into contradiction with our principles. The party itself and the success of affairs only can decide this. But the success of the party until now has been such in every direction that from this point of view we have not the slightest reason to change our up-till-now victorious tactics. (Lively approval.)

Furthermore, a change of tactics becomes necessary if they have proven false or insufficient. But there is no such thing, or to speak more correctly, only to a very small extent. We have grown, we have more deputies and therefore, in a certain sense we must change our tactics, but not at all in the sense to put on brakes or to slow up. No! After these enormous masses of voters have given us by their votes, their yes and their approval of our present tactics, our battles and our attitude, we must advance still more energetically, more forcibly, more decisively than heretofore. (Stormy applause.)

There certainly are people also within our ranks—and they should not be confounded at all with those commonly named by us revisionists—who after the last election demanded from us a comprehensive parliamentary activity in regard to the introduction of original propositions, law-bills, etc. These illusions I see myself compelled to annihilate with a few words. In general it is not usual for parties to work out extensive bills for the consideration of the Reichstag, for this is a gigantic task.

I recollect quite well how once our good old Liebknecht "put me in the soup" with such a bill. (Laughter.) It was in the Saxon Diet, we had attacked the the mining law and demanded an amendment. The secretary replied, the government recognizes the necessity of an amendment, but that it requires time, reflection, statistics and studies.

Now, our old man, rough-rider as ever, dashes right in (Laughter) and says: "What? I'll make it up in five minutes." (Great Laughter.) Well, the word was spoken and I said to myself: "Now we are in it for fair." (Laughter.) Of course, the secretary was smart enough to say: "If the Social-Democrats can do it so rapidly they may go to work at once." Thus we were compelled to proceed, for we surely could not afford to become a laughing stock. I tell you, I sat and sweated for a fortnight, daily and nightly, to draft the bill, to be debated thereafter by our delegation. Well, it was not complete, but at all events it was there.

Again, I will recall to your minds our great bill for the protection of workingmen, in which connection I desire to make a confession. For am I not regarded by our opponents and even by a large part of our comrades as one of those people who are opposed to practical activity? (Contradiction.) It is but in the last few weeks that I have been designated as a theorist full of fine phrases, always obstructing. Well, with a short interruption, I am a member of the Reichstag for thirty-six years and not a single one of us has introduced more original propositions or drafted more bills than I, the obstructionist.

Our bill for the protection of workingmen is greatly lauded in Herkner's book on the labor question. When later on we introduced the bill again, the press, especially as represented by Herren Nauman and Gerlach was so delighted that it demanded that the Reichstag should pass it unanimously. Yes, honored sirs (speaker turns toward Herren Nauman and von Gerlach, sitting at the table reserved for the press) do you know then, who was the author of the first draft of this bill? It was I, the man of negation! (Great laughter.)

To introduce bills is certainly very [illegible] but it is not so easy to draft them and therefore we have every reason to be as careful as possible in the preparation of more extensive bills. We must leave this work to other people who are employed and paid for this very purpose, to the Herren Privy-Councillors who are in the possession of facilities, special knowledge and the power to gather facts and cause inquiries. So far we have worked parliamentarily to such a degree that we have overworked ourselves.

Do you really believe that now, numbering as we do eighty-one men, we can compel the majority to give preference to our original propositions? In vain, at the convention of the seniors, Singer and I have endeavored to make clear to the gentlemen that parliament has been created for still another purpose than the one to consider governmental propositions. We have preached to deaf ears. I can only tell you it is impossible to introduce a greater number of original propositions, and if, in accordance with the plan of Timm in the "Monatscheften," a social commission should be appointed for the investigation of labor-laws and all bills relating thereto, do you actually imagine something could be accomplished? Certainly the necessity exists in a high degree and this brings me to the deciding point, which, I am sorry to say, we too have overlooked too much until now.

It is not alone the impossibility from the standpoint of business to conclusively settle up all these affairs, besides the many other ones—to do this the Reichstag would have to sit all year—no, the determining point lies in the fact that the whole manufacture of laws in the German Empire as well as in the other parliaments of the world is of such a miserable insufficient, faulty sort, that, when a law has been passed to-day, the whole world sees already to-morrow that it has to be changed again. ("Quite right.") We cannot pass any more important basic laws for no majority can be had for them.

The assertion of Savigny in the first half of the last century, that the creation of laws was not within our proper sphere, holds good to-day. Why is this so? Because the struggle between the clashing interests of the classes has become more and more intense, so that finally laws are only passed in halves, because it is impossible to pass them in the whole. I will make this clear by an example.

In the commencement of the last century the Code Napoleon, the civil code of France was created. It was the work of the revolution, that most glorious time, the like of which the civic community has not seen since. The most illustrious intellects contributed to this work—and this meant something in yon days—and made it in conformity with the requirements of civic society. It was a work of unity and is in existence in France until to-day.

Now I put the question to the municipal councillors and to all those who have been active as members of the commission in the preparation of the civil code: It is now three years since the civil code was in force and have we not on all ends and corners omissions, doublets, indistinctions? Look at the trade-regulation law. How often has it been mended in the last thirty years! In 1869 it was a good piece of work; then gradually came the amendments and to-day it is a poor, patched-up thing full of contradictions. Thus the making of laws is not within the sphere of our time; compact laws cannot be made any more, because the ever growing class struggle makes it impossible.

I have often questioned: Is, under these conditions, parliamentary activity worth the trouble, the outlay of work, of time, of money? We perform a good deal of tread-mill work in the Reichstag. Many a time have I put this question to myself, but, as may be easily understood, I am too anxious for the fray in order to bother about it for long. I said to myself: All this does not help at all, it has to be moved—and worried—through. One does as much as possible—but let no one deceive himself as to the situation! I only wish to make this plain to you, so that you should not think we ought to uproot parliamentary trees because there are now eighty-one of us.

One of the pamphlets which have been here distributed, treats of the Social-Democratic convention of 1871, at which already the ten-hour day was proposed thirty years ago! At the same time the so-called social conference, which also declared for a ten-hour day, met at Eisenach. Yes!

Rudolph Meyer has asserted, and according to my belief, proven, that at that time Bismarck, even, gave instructions for the preparation of a bill which should include a provision for a ten-hour working day. ("Hear! hear!") The bill proposed to regulate the ten-hour working day for the industrial workers and—what even we have not so far attempted—for agricultural laborers, whose working time should be eight hours in the winter, ten hours during spring and autumn and twelve hours in the summer. Since then thirty years have come and gone and to-day?

Surely I am a fully-convinced advocate of the eight-hour day; nobody in the hall is more satisfied as to its necessity, but I tell you openly: If we would get the ten-hour working day to-day, we would be glad. Therefore no illusions, on any territory! (Applause and commotion.) That will not harm you, either in body or soul, on the contrary, it can only benefit you. This is our situation.

(To be continued next week.)

GREAT BRITAIN'S S. L. P.

Issues Manifesto to the International Movement on the Cause of the Lack of Class-Conscious Development Among English Workmen

The British working-class has for long been the despair of the international socialist movement. While the workers of every nation on the Continent, where capitalism has attained any degree of development, no matter how immature and rudimentary, have rallied to the banner of revolutionary socialism, and have built up a political working-class army with the expropriation of the capitalist class as its acknowledged aim, in Britain the workers as a mass have been and are simply so many voting cattle for capitalist politicians, so many pawns moved, now here now there by the rival gamesters in the struggle for the spoils of office. This condition of affairs has been stated most effectively by Karl Kautsky in his famous dictum, that while Russia is the least developed and Great Britain the furthest developed country from a capitalist standpoint, nevertheless, the workers of the former country are possessed of an infinitely clearer understanding, of their social and political interests, have a much keener perception of the position of their class relatively to the dominent classes and have their revolutionary instincts much more developed than those in the latter. Many and diverse are the hypotheses that have been brought forward to account for this lamentable position. The leaders of what are called socialist organizations in Britain have exhausted their ingenuity in striving to prove that they are not to blame, and continental socialist orators and writers have striven to give an adequate explanation of this outstanding reproach to the internationalist working-class movement. While none of these has been satisfactory, the idea has become deeply rooted that the British working man possesses a certain peculiar mental bent which is inimical to the reception of socialist principles. And along with this conviction there is found on the part of continental socialists a feverish anxiety to accept as signs of an "awakening of the English Working-Class" any political movement which masquerades under the name of "Labor," no matter how skin-deep its "Labor" sympathies may be. A ludicrous example of this was seen in the summer of last year, when we found such an unmistakable revolutionist as Rappoport hailing as a success for the working-class the election of Mr. Henderson as M. P. for Bernard Castle—a gentleman who, finding that the Liberal Organization of which he was secretary would not nominate him as candidate, gulled the workers into supporting him by calling himself the "Labor" Candidate, and having as his sole qualifications for parliamentary position a radical programme, and the fact that he was a lay preacher, a teetotaler, and a Free Trader! The explanation of the political backwardness of the British working-class is not to be found in the supposition that socialist organizations and socialist propaganda are things of recent introduction into the country. Socialist organizations are not one whit older in France and Italy than in Great Britain, and yet in these countries a socialist party of considerable strength has been built up while here it is yet to build. Something is to be said for the theory which accounts for the absence of revolutionary feeling among British workers, by pointing to the distance in point of time which separates them from the last social revolution; that whereas in most capitalist countries the revolution that brought the capitalist class into the forefront of political life and made them the dominant class, is a thing of yesterday, in Britain this stage of evolution took place in the 17th century—almost three hundred years ago. Doubtless the absence of a revolutionary tradition makes the work of the socialist agitator more difficult, but it cannot account for the entire absence of the results of his efforts. Besides, Friederich Engels has pointed out that the English Chartists were in the van of the working-class movement in Europe in 1848. To get a satisfactory answer to this problem we must inquire what institution do the British workers possess which is not to be found in the working-class movement across the Straits of Dover, what is it that in this country takes the place of the socialist movement abroad, monopolizing the energy and attention of the worker, directing his course and moulding his thoughts? The answer is at once—the British Trade Union organizations. On the continent working-class trade organizations are to be found, though not to the same extent, resembling in outward form the English Trade Union—but the resemblance is entirely on the exterior. On the continent the Union is recognized as the economic adjunct of the political working-class movement, that portion of the working-class army which conducts on the economic field skirmishing operations with the view to seizing small points of vantage, while all the time working in close conjunction with the heavier and solider regiments which carry out the more serious pitched battles on the field of politics. On the continent a union which is based upon a recognition of "the rights of capital," and which attempts to divorce and antagonize the political and economic forces of the Labor army, as "Les Jaunes" or the "Christian" unions, is clearly recognized as an enemy, and vigorously attacked. In this country we have to deal with an entire Trade Union movement of this description, which has not been attacked by the soi-disant socialist movement, but has received from it an attitude of timid neutrality, where it has not actually been fraternised with and supported in its treacheries. The British working-class movement of the last fifty years has been one prolonged Vendee with the Vendeans in the ascendancy.

The British Trade Union is based upon a denial of the class struggle and an assertion of the community of interests of the capitalists and workers. In the constitutions of many unions this fact is explicitly stated. They define the function of the union as being not only to protect the interests of the workers, but also to "safeguard the just rights of the employer," and to further "the best interests of the trade." It may be said that as a rule they perform the two last-named duties to the entire interest of the capitalist. The relation of master and man is represented not as that of robber and robbed, but as that of buyer and seller in a fair and open market. Any attempt at political activity on working-class lines was denounced as the blackest heresy. The watchword was "No Politics in the Union"—a rule which did not prevent the Trade Union leader from turning a dishonest penny by using outside the union the influence which he had gained inside, to induce the workers to support capitalist politicians. No capitalist candidate (particularly politicians of the capitalist liberal party) would dream of contesting an election without having as many trade union leaders on his platform and in his pay as cavanssers as his means would allow. The Labor Leader is, from the capitalist standpoint, the most important and useful factor in politics. Indeed, some of them have been found so reliable and trustworthy servants of Capitalist Liberals, that they have been permitted by the Liberal Party to occupy seats in Parliament, under their aegis, as shining examples of what the "good" working man, the docile trade unionist, may attain to. Among the latter category are Mr. John Burns, M. P. for Battersea, and official of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, who defended, in parliament, the butchery of the miners at Featherstone in 1894 by the order of the Liberal Home Secretary and Mr. Thomas Burt, M. P., of the Northumberland Miners, who held office at the time. It constantly happens that the Trade Union Leader supports, at the parliamentary elections, the candidature of the employer, who, a few months previously, compelled the members of his union, under stress of hunger and want, to go back to work on his own terms after a bitter and protracted strike. It has even happened that a trade union leader has supported, at an election, an employer in his trade during the time of a strike (*e. g.* at the York Bye-election of 1898. Mr. Ratcliffe, the local secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, during the great engineers' lock-out, supported Sir Christopher Furness, a prominent, and most aggressive, member of the Employers' Federation.)

But it is often argued that whatever be the defeats of British Trade Unionism in the political field, in the economic field it has attained signal success. This is entirely questionable. The greater intensity of labor in British production, the extent of the British market, which implies a greater demand for labor, in themselves largely explain the higher standard of wages said to exist among British workers as compared with Continental workers, without any reference to trade unionism at all. When we find a capitalist politician like Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, M. P., leader of the Liberal Party, saying that twelve millions of the population live constantly on the verge of starvation and certain to be plunged in misery by the slightest rise in the cost of living, one is inclined to ask where the benefits boasted of by trade union leaders are to be found A very large proportion of the strikes within the last decade have been over the question of the recognition of the union officials by the employers. Once that point has been gained, it is entirely to the interest of the union leader to avoid a strike. His salary (which varies from £200 to £800, apart altogether from what he can raise in various dark and mysterious ways) is put in jeopardy by a strike, and the work of organization much increased. (We do not, of course, mention here the possibility of direct bribery, although the actions of certain labor leaders are unintelligible on any other hypothesis. Thus it is that they usually strive for the formation of "Arbitration" or "Conciliation" boards—bodies composed of equal numbers of employers and union officials, who meet together to "arbitrate" as to how much the worker is to be fleeced. These boards invariably sit with closed doors, and when an even vote is cast, an "arbiter," usually a capitalist judge, is called in to settle the matter. This principle of arbitration tion of a strike is always the ssign for tion of a strike is alweys the sign for a cry being raised in this direction. An example of the disinclination of the Trade Union Secretary to having his salary endangered by a strike, we may quote the case of Mr. George Burns, General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, one of the largest unions in the country, and also parliamentary candidate of the Independent Labor party. When practically the whole of the Engineers of Scotland came out on strike against a reduction in wages, of which six months' notice had been given, and which the men had decided to resist by the overwhelming votes of two special ballots, Mr. Barnes came forward and drove back to work for the reduced rates, by refusing to allow them strike-pay.

The recent legal decisions in the case of Quin *v.* Leatham, Belfast, and the Taff Vale Railway dispute, have introduced a mild revolution in the political methods of the labor leaders. These decisions, which make the funds of the trade union liable for any financial damage, loss of orders, etc., which a strike may cause an employer, absolutely strike power out of their hands, and reduce them to the level of mere benefit societies. The immediate result of this has been to drive the trade union officials to take up political action. Here is a complete *volte face.* In his exhaustive history of British trade unionism, Mr. Sydney Webb, in referring to the Chartist Movement, has been compelled to state that "it may be doubted whether in any case, a trade union itself, as distinguished from particular members, who happened to be delegates, made any formal profession of adherence to Chartism. In the contemporary trade union records that are still extant, there are no traces of Chartist resolutions. We never find the trade societies of 1839-42 contributing to the Chatist funds, or even collecting money for Chartist victims." This policy of avoiding all support of independent working-class political activity has been accentuated as time has passed. The workers may be trodden down, starved, exploited and murdered, and British trade unionism looks on approvingly and lennds its support to capitalist politicians. But the moment that trade union funds are touched and the salaries of the officials endangered, a Trade Union Parliamentary organization (The Labor Representation Committee) springs into existence straightway. To those who are so misguided as to mistake this for a manifestation of genuine working-class activity it is sufficient to point to the programme of this party, its candidates, and the attitude of capitalism towards them, to find how unfounded this supposition is. The sole pledge that these candidates are required to take is that they will work for the reversal of the legal decisions that have endangered the trade union funds and salaries; that they will style themselves labor candidates, and will form a separate group in parliament, independent of the Liberal and Tory Party alike. On all other points its members are allowed complete freedom of opinion, the result being that this "Labor" Party is composed of a nondescript collection of radicals, land-taxers, free traders, semi-socialists, liberals and conservatives. It is openly stated that their object in adopting the title "Labor" candidates is to catch the votes of both liberal and conservative workers. The attitude of the capitalist class towards the L. R. C. is sufficiently shown in the public approval that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, liberal whip, has given it, and the support which the Earl of Rosebery, the Marquis of Queensbery and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, gave to their candidates for Woolwich, Will Crooks. This organization, then, so far from being an accession to the ranks of

(Continued on page 6)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM

Written for The People by Mrs. Olive M. Johnson.

While we have thus traced the division of labor and its results, it cannot have escaped our notice that the "division" of which we have spoken is only nominal, that in reality the very opposite to a division has taken place, namely, inter-dependence and co-operation. When man and woman, "divided," labor, it naturally did not mean that each took a part and went off, regardless of the other; but, on the other hand, that they were more closely united than before. When each acquired and prepared his own food, each was, in a manner, independent of the other. When they divided labor, they co-operated. The women became dependent on the men for food and protection; the men on the women for the preparation of the food, shelter, rest, etc. What is true in this first instance is true throughout. The development of the division of labor is, therefore, synonymous to the development of co-operation among men. When, therefore, we have reached the status of the division of labor of the industrial period of capitalism, a stage is reached when no man, no shop, no town, no State, nor even a nation is independent of the rest; it has become a world-wide international dependence, a mutual co-operation.

The stage now before us is that of gigantic consolidations of capital, i. e., the economic power controlling production is being as nearly united as it is well possible under the private ownership of the means of production. The trust reigns supreme, and is, in some industries, approaching internationality. The death knell of the small producer, small dealer and small farmer is sounded. Yet, it may be remarked that this class still numbers about 20 per cent. of the population, which is not insignificant for what we claim to be a dead body. However, tracing this to its fullest conclusion, it is found that far fewer of the middle class are independent than might at first be suppposed. Of the "independent" farmers, for example, thousands are but tenants of the banker, who owns the farm by virtue of a mortgage, the interest on which constitutes the farm rent from year to year; and, in many, or perhaps most instances, is all that can be laid by, and very often cannot be met at all. Take, again, the small dealer who is yet very frequent in the towns and cities. The naked truth of his relation to society is that in reality he is only an agent of the trusts—such as the anthracite or bituminous coal combines or the Standard Oil Co., the Sugar Trust, the Beef Trust, etc., etc. He is far from able to bargain independently for prices in buying and selling. He buys at the price set by the trusts, and sells at prices regulated by them. Woe to the small dealer who is innocent enough to think that he can attend to his own business and make more or less profit, as he sees fit! He is quickly put out of business by the trust—its boycott is effective. Moreover, the small store is yet a fruitful source by which the capitalist class can get back much of the money it has been forced to pay out in wages. Every year hundreds of workers, having the notion of equal opportunities in mind; having, by pinching and scrimping, laid by a few dollars, will start in business, dreaming of being millionaires some day. More small dealers fail in business every year than go into it. The trusts see to it that their bills are regularly collected, and therefore, when bankruptcy comes, or the business is wound up in disgust, it simply means that somebody's savings have gone where the rest of the products of his labor had gone before, viz., into the hands of the capitalist class. Society to-day is, therefore, to the trusts only a game of chess, in which the pieces are dominated by its will.

The trusts, at this stage, have utterly completed the mission of the capitalist system to Social Evolution. The most admirable order now reigns in the co-operatively operated workshop and the work from managing down to the very simplest duty is performed by hired wage workers. The capitalist himself is divorced from production. Furthermore, trustification has to a great extent, and, as far as possible under the private ownership, brought order out of chaos in society at large. The foolish, haphazard, wasteful production is no longer going on. The trusts, as far as possible, keep statistical records of the heads, feet, backs, stomachs and souls that are needing commodities of its make, hence much wasteful production is prevented. If no demand is in sight for his articles the owner of an industry can at will create a little private panic among the few thousand persons in his employ and let their friends and relations working in other industries help them out. Perhaps he may, through his labor lieutenants, instigate a strike, throw the blame on the men, while the poor millionaires become martyrs of the workers' tyranny. That has the convenience of doing away with the sensations of a universal panic. As it was once well expressed in The Daily People: "Capitalism has reached the running sore stage." Some part of the wage slaves are always suffering from the panic.

Another work performed by trustification is that capital has lost its individuality and is thus essentially social in its character. It is this, that or the other "Co." that has capital invested here, there and everywhere, often in the most diversified industries, which can no more be run by one and an indispensible head than the sun can light the whole globe at once. Our capitalist is no longer manufacturer, banker, landlord, miner, shipper, etc., A. B. C. or D. He is the "financier" and his finances only, not his mind, are factors in production.

Our class type has now taken two distinct shapes. First in the absolutely "useless set," who do nothing whatever but to draw a tremendous dividend on capital invested—it is safe to say they themselves scarcely know where—who spend this dividend in positively ridiculous shows, foolish luxury, debauchery and outrages sensations of every description such as princes, bulldogs, ocean yachts, divorce cases, dress balls—with or without dress—vegetable festivals, monkey dinners, dog and cat funerals and so on and so forth, without beginning and without end. This type need not detain us much; it is plain it is as stupid and consequently as harmless as it is useless. The second type is far more important because it is dangerous to progress and the revolutionary movement. This type, without doubt, finds its highest representatives in a Marcus A. Hanna or a James J. Hill.

Such men are active, educated, alert and strategic. Their principal workshop is the legislative halls of the nation, and either personally, or through their representatives they are tending to the making, enforcing and interpreting of the laws of the nation, and their object is to perpetuate capitalism and rivet the chains of wage slavery firmer round the ankles of the members of the wage working class.

(To be concluuded next week.)

DAILY PEOPLE FESTIVAL.

The annual spring festival of the Socialist Labor Party for the benefit of The Daily People will this year be celebrated as usual at Grand Central Palace, on Sunday, March 20, afternoon and evening.

As a departure from the form of entertainment given in the past, the committee has secured Fritzsche's Boston Band, an excellent body of 45 musicians, under the direction of Mr. Otto Fritzsche. As to the capabilities of this band it is only necessary to state that Mr. Fritzsche and most of the musicians under him have for many years been connected with the famous Sousa's Band. Mr. Fritzsche is also connected with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is considered by lovers of good music to be the finest orchestra in the country.

Comrades, there is good cause for congratulation upon the success of your committee to secure so efficient a body of musicians for our coming entertainment, and it certainly ought to encourage every one of us in an endeavor to make it a success—a howling success! The 5,000 tickets now in possession of Comrade Abelson should be put in circulation and sold before the printers have a chance to get out a second edition of same. The vaudeville performances will be, as in the past, added to our programme. The price of admission will also remain unchanged, 25c. a person and 10c. for your hat check.

The most important feature, and the one we need the assistance of every comrade and sympathizer of the party, will be the bazaar and fair under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary. The liquidation on the debt of the party's press, which is now nearing its end, needs but as a final effort, a strong pull altogether. While the enemy is devising ways and means of attacking us more successfully that they have in the past, it is our duty to fortify ourselves with an ever stronger weapon, so that we may be able to not alone withstand their attacks, but at the same time charge upon them, and dispel that darkness caused by those who have an interest of one kind or another to uphold capitalism and everything that goes with that term.

The Daily People has in the past lighted the path that leads unmistakably to emancipation from capitalist thraldom—more power to our party organ. Comrades! All together, Comrades, let's do our duty!

On this occasion, while you help strengthen The Daily People, you also have a chance to listen to as good a band of musicians as you have heard and for less money. Sell, therefore, all the tickets you can and gather whatever you can in the way of donations for the bazaar and fair, and send them to

L. Abelson,
2-6 New Reade street.
The Entertainment Committee.

The Pilgrim's Shell

—OR—

FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH
By DANIEL DE LEON

Copyright 1904, by the NEW YORK LABOR NEWS CO.

PART II.—THE CRUSADE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARKET-PLACE OF MARHALA.

Luckily disentangled from the fury of the guests of the Duke of Aquitaine by the nocturnal attack of the Saracens, Fergan the Quarryman had profited by the confusion to escape from the Emir's palace with Joan and Colombaik. While the Crusaders were hurrying to the ramparts of the gate of Agra, the serf turned his steps with wife and child, far away from the spot of the battle. Before sunrise, quiet reigned again in Marhala. Descrying one of those numerous taverns, that generally sprang up after the capture of a city, and were set up in some Saracen house by the camp-followers of the army, Fergan stepped in. To the great astonishment of Joan, he pulled out of his belt a gold piece, which he exchanged with the tavern-keeper for silver coin, to pay for his lodging. Once more alone with his family, the quarryman could give a loose to his tender feelings and relate to them how, after being separated from them by the sand-spout, he found himself half buried under the sand, and losing consciousness. In the darkness of the night he was shaken out of his lethargy by a sharp scratch on his shoulder. It was a hyena, that, pawing up the sand under which he lay, prepared to devour him, taking him for dead, but instantly fled seeing him sit up. Thus, delivered from a double danger, the serf had wandered about during dark, amidst the mournful yelpings of the wild beasts at their quarry over the corpses that they dug up. At dawn he saw, already half devoured, the remains of Neroweg VI.

After vainly searching for Joan and his child, Fergan considered them lost forever, and followed the route marked out by the human bones. At the end of several hours' marching, he came across the corpse of some seigneur, to judge by the richness of his clothes, torn to shreds by the beasts of prey. Among the tatters was an embroidered purse full of gold. He appropriated it without scruple, and was soon joined by a troop of travelers bound for Marhala. He journeyed in their company. Upon his arrival in the city, and learning that several other travelers who escaped the disaster of the sand-spout had come in ahead of him, he inquired after a deformed woman with a child. A beggar, who had accidentally seen Joan and her son enter the palace of the Emir, gave him the information, and he was enabled to arrive in time to wrest them from the danger they were just threatened with.

After a recital of his adventures, and leaving his wife and Colombaik in the tavern, Fergan went out at sunrise to purchase some clothing at the market-place, where booty was constantly sold at auction. Fearing to be met by some of the guests of the Duke of Aquitaine, the serf had smeared soot mixed with grease over his face. Rendered thus unrecognizable, he entered the market-place. Instead, however, of finding the place occupied by traffickers in booty, he saw a large gang of men hastily engaged in the construction of a pyre under the overseership of several prelates. A cordon of soldiers, placed at a distance from the pyre, kept the inquisitive from drawing too near. Fergan had just elbowed himself to the front of the mob, when a deacon, clad in black, said aloud: "Are there among you any strong men who wish to earn two deniers, and help finish the pyre quickly? They shall be paid the moment the work is done."

"I shall help, if wanted," answered Fergan. Two deniers were worth earning. They would eke out his treasury.

"Come," said the priest, "you seem to be a lusty fellow. The faggots will weigh like straws on your broad shoulders." Five or six other wretches, having volunteered to join Fergan, the deacon took them to the center of the place, where, resting upon a large bundle of trunks of olive trees, palmettos and dried brushes, the pyre was being erected for the accomplishment of the miracle announced by Peter Barthelmy, the Marseilles priest and possessor of the Holy Lance. This Barthelmy derived a large revenue from his relic by exhibiting it for money to the veneration of the Crusaders. Other priests, jealous of the receipts pocketed by the Marseillan, had assiduously backbitten his lance. Fearing a decline of earnings, and wishing to furnish a proof of the virtue of his lance, and at the same time confound his detractors, he had promised a miracle. Fergan set to work with ardor to earn his two deniers. He soon perceived that a narrow path crossed the heap of kindling-wood, which, about thirty feet long and raised four or five feet on either side, sloped down towards the path that cut it in two. Thus, towards the middle and for a space about two yards wide, the pyre offered hardly any food to the fire. After a half hour's work, Fergan said to the deacon: "We shall make the heap even, and fill up the gap that crosses it, so that the pyre may burn everywhere."

"Not at all!" the deacon hastened to say. "Your work is done on this side. We must now set up the stake and adjust the spit."

Fergan, as well as his companions, curious to know the purpose of the stake and spit, followed the priest. A wagon hitched to mules, had just dumped several beams upon the place. One of these, about fifteen feet high, and furnished in some places with iron rings and chains, had at about its center a sort of support for the feet. Fergan's helpers followed the instructions of the deacon, and set up the stake at one of the corners of the pyre where the kindling wood was well heaped. Other workingmen placed not far away two iron X's, intended to support an iron bar about eight feet long and tapering into sharp points.

"Oh! oh! What a terrible looking spit!" said Fergan to the priest, placing the iron bar on the two X's with no little labor. "Are they going to roast an ox?" Instead of answering the serf, the deacon listened in the direction of one of the streets that ran into the place, and, hastily fumbling in his pockets, said to Fergan and the other men, while handing to each the promised wages: "Your work is done. You may now go. The procession is approaching."

Fergan and his assistants withdrew to the mob which the file of soldiers was holding back from the pyre. Church songs were heard, at first from a distance, but drawing ever nearer, and soon the religious procession issued into the market-place. Monks marched at the head, after them clergymen carrying crosses and banners, and then, in the midst of a group of high dignitaries of the Church, whose mitres and gold embroidered copes sparkled in the sun of the Orient, came the Marseilles priest, Peter Barthelmy, bare-footed and robed in a white shirt. He held up triumphantly in his hands the holy and miraculous lance. This contriver of miracles, of a countenance at once sanctimonious, artful and sly, preceded other prelates carrying banners. Azenor the Pale came next, clad in a long black robe, her hands bound behind and supported by two monks. She had been convicted of the abominable crime of being a Jewess. She was convicted of this enormity, not alone by the revelation that, in a paroxysm of jealousy, she had made to William IX., but also by the testimony of the parchment that she had handed to him in order to dispel his doubts. In that parchment, written in the Hebrew language and dating several years back, the father of Azenor urged his daughter to die faithful to the law of Israel. A few steps behind the victim, William IX., the Duke of Aquitaine, his hair in disorder and covered with ashes, dragged himself on his naked knees in abject penitence. Clad in a rough sack, his feet bare and dusty like his knees, and holding a crucifix in his two hands, the penitent cried out ever and anon in a lamenting voice, while smiting his chest with his fist: "*Mea culpa, mea culpa!* Lord God, have mercy upon my soul! I have committed the sin of the flesh with an unclean Jewess, I am damned without your grace! Oh, Lord, *mea culpa! mea culpa!*" On foot and in splendid raiment, the legate of the Pope and the archbishop of Tyre, marched on either side of the Duke of Aquitaine, repeating from time to time in a voice loud enough to be heard by the penitent:

"My child in Christ, trust in the mercy of the Lord! Render yourself worthy of His clemency by your repentance!"

"Remain faithful to your vow of chastity, you who were given to debauchery!"

"Remain faithful to your vow of poverty, you who were given to prodigality and magnificence!"

"Remain faithful to your vow of humility, you who were proud and arrogant!"

"But that will not suffice! You must surrender to the Church your earthly riches—lands, domains, castles, slaves—to the end that the priests may implore the Eternal for the remission of your transgressions and your numerous sins!"

Behind these followed a few Saracens who had been captured at the late night surprise of Marhala. They were led, pinioned, by soldiers. The King of the Vagabonds, his seneschal the Bacon-cutter and several of the men of their band had been joined to this escort by order of Bohemond, Prince of Taranto, and chief of the army, who himself closed the procession, accompanied by a large number of crusading seigneurs, casque on head and lance in hand.

This funeral train marched around the market-place, surrounded by an ever-swelling crowd, and ranked itself before the pyre, where the stake and the spit were in readiness.

"The miracle of the lance!" cried the crowd, impatient to see Barthelmy cross a flaming pyre in his shirt and without burning—"the miracle of the lance!"

"Woe is me!" muttered William IX., redoubling the blows with which he was lacerating his breast. "Woe is me! I am so great a sinner that perhaps the Eternal will not deign to manifest His omnipotence by a prodigy before me!"

"Be comforted, my son! answered the papal legate. "The Eternal will manifest Himself in order to confirm your faith, seeing that you have been touched by grace, and humble yourself before His Church."

"Yesterday, father, I was an unclean criminal, an infamous evildoer, a miserable blind man. To-day my eyes are open to the truth. I see the everlasting flames that await me. Have pity upon me!"

"Give up all your goods to the Church, remain poor as Job, the Church will then intercede for your salvation," replied the legate, issuing his orders to his deacon to set fire to the pyre.

Immediately, walking almost without danger over the length of the path that crossed the paling, hidden by the height of the flames kindled at the four sides of the pyre, Peter Barthelmy seemed in the eyes of the credulous multitude actually to traverse the lake of fire. The serf saw, across a thick cloud of smoke that helped to increase the illusion, Peter Barthelmy, looking as if he was wading through flames up to the hip, run rapidly across the full length of the pyre, from which he emerged again brandishing his lance. The crowd, blind and fanatic, clapped their hands and shouted: "A miracle! A miracle!" Shocked at the impudence of the friar, who so shamelessly imposed upon the credulity of those poor people, Fergan decided to administer to him a stinging lesson. Affecting to yield to religious enthusiasm, he cried out: "Peter Barthelmy is a saint, a great saint! Whoever can secure the smallest bit of his clothing, or of his blessed body, even if but one hair, will be delivered of all ills!" The mob received Fergan's suggestion with fanatic approval. The file of soldiers, that held the multitude far enough back from the pyre, was broken through, and the most maniacal of these fanatics rushed upon Peter Barthelmy at the moment when, leaving the pyre a few steps behind him, he was brandishing his lance. An incredible scene ensued thereupon, related by Bauldry, archbishop of Dole, an eye-witness of the occurrence, as follows in his "History of the Capture of Jerusalem:"

"When Peter Barthelmy emerged from the pyre with his holy lance, the crowd rushed upon him and trampled him under foot, each wishing to touch him and carry off a piece of his shirt. He received several wounds in the legs. Bits of flesh were cut from his body. His ribs were knocked in. His spine was fractured. He would, in our opinion, have died on the spot, had not Raymond, seigneur of Pelet, an illustrious cavalier, quickly gathered a platoon of soldiers, thrown himself with them into the midst of the mob, and, at the risk of his own life, saved poor Peter Barthelmy."

After this rude lesson given the cheat, Fergan approached the group of soldiers that were transporting the contriver of miracles in a dying state to a neighboring house. "The accursed brutes! The savages!" murmured the Marseilles priest, gasping for breath: "Have you ever seen such bedeviled rascals! The idea of wishing to turn me into relics!"

"It is but a condign punishment for the besotted state of mind that, with infamous calculation, you plunge these wretched people in," said Fergan leaning over Barthelmy. The Marseillian turned around with a sudden start, but the serf had disappeared in the crowd, and passed to the other side of the pyre, now fully ablaze. At one of its corners was Azenor, chained to the stake. Her feet rested on the tablet which the flames began to lick. A few steps from the victim, on his knees among the priests and joining them in their mortuary songs, crouched the Duke of Aquitaine, from time to time crying amid sobs: "Lord! Cleanse me of my sins! May my repentance and the just punishment of this unclean Jewess earn grace for me!"

"Ah, William!" cried out the condemned woman with a voice still strong and penetrating, "I feel the heat of the flames. They are about to reduce my body to ashes. These flames are less consuming than those of jealousy. Yesterday, driven to extremity, I made certain of my vengeance. A few instants of suffering will rid me of life, and your credulous stupidity avenges me. Look at yourself now, brilliant Duke of Aquitaine, the sport of priests, your implacable enemies, and the dupe of those who laugh at your imbecile fears! If there is a hell we shall meet there."

"Silence, you infamous and unclean beast!" cried out the legate of the Pope, "the flames that envelop you are as nothing to the everlasting fires where you are to burn through all eternity. A curse upon your execrable race, that crucified the Saviour of the world!"

"A curse upon the Jews! Death to the Jews! Glory to God in heaven and to his priests on earth!" shouted the spectators.

Suddenly, heart-rending screams rose above the din. Azenor the Pale, writhed with pain under her iron fetters as the flames, reaching her limbs, set her robe and long hair on fire. Presently the stake at which she was chained caught fire under her feet, swayed in the air for an instant, tumbled over into the furnace, and disappeared there with the victim in the midst of a wild flare of flames. The Duke of Aquitaine then embraced the knees of the papal legate and appealed to him imploringly: "Oh, my father in Christ, I vow to relinquish all my goods to our holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church! I vow to follow the Crusade barefooted in a sack! I vow to bury myself in the depths of a cloister upon my return to Gaul! I vow to die in the austerities of penance, to the end that I may obtain from God the remission of my sins and evil ways!"

"In the name of the All-Powerful, I take cognizance of your vows, William IX., Duke of Aquitaine!" responded the legate in ringing and solemn voice. "Only the observance of these vows can render you worthy of a day of celestial mercy, thanks to the intercession of the Church!" And the Duke of Aquitaine, bent low at the feet of the legate, his forehead in the dust, repeated his protestations and lamentations, while the King of the Vagabonds, stepping out of the file of soldiers that surrounded the Saracen prisoners, and accompanied by his seneschal the Bacon-cutter, approached the legate, saying:

"Holy father in God, I have come with my seneschal and a few of my subjects for the purpose of spitting one of those Saracen miscreants over the fire. You have but to deliver the victim to me."

"That belongs to Bohemond, Prince of Taranto," the legate answered the King of the Vagabonds, pointing with his finger to a group of crusading seigneurs who had just witnessed the miracle of Peter Barthelmy and the death of Azenor the Pale. The Prince of Taranto approached Corentin and speaking in a low voice led him to the side where the iron spit lay placed on the iron X's. Then, drawing near the escort that surrounded the prisoners, the prince made a sign. The soldiers parted ranks, and five bound Saracens faced Bohemond and the other Crusaders. Two of these prisoners, a father and son, were particularly remarkable, one by his noble and calm face, framed in a long white beard, the other by the bold and juvenile beauty of his lineaments. The old man, wounded in the head and arm at the night attack, had torn a few pieces of his long mantle of white wool to bandage his and his son's wounds. Their superb scarfs of Tyrian wool, their silk caftans, embroidered with gold, although soiled with blood and dust, announced the rank of the chiefs. Thanks to an Armenian priest, who served as interpreter, they held the following discourse with the Prince of Taranto, who, addressing himself to the old man, said:

"Were you the chief of those infidel dogs who attempted to surprise the city of Marhala by night?"

"Yes, Nazarean; you and yours have carried war into our country. We defend ourselves against the invaders."

"By the cross on my sword! vile miscreant, dare you question the right of the soldiers of Christ to this land?"

"The same as I inherited my father's horse and black tent, Syria belongs to us, the children of those who conquered it from the Greeks. Our conquest was not pitiless like yours. When Abubeker Alwakel, the successor of the Prophet, sent Yzed-Ben-Sophian to conquer Syria, he said to him: 'You and your warriors shall behave like valliant men in battle, but kill neither old men, women nor children. Destroy neither fruit trees nor harvests. They are presents of Allah to man. If you meet with Christian hermits in the solitudes, serving God and laboring with their hands, do them no harm. As to the Greek priests, who, without setting nation against nation, sincerely honor God in the faith of Jesus, the son of Mary, we used be to them a protecting shield, because, without regarding Jesus as a God, we venerate him as a great, wise man, the founder of the Christian religion. But we abhor the doctrine that certain priests have drawn from the otherwise so pure doctrine of the son of Mary.' "

These words of the old emir, absolutely in keeping with the truth, and that contrasted so nobly with the cruelty of the soldiers of the cross, exasperated Bohemond. "I swear by Christ, the dead and resurrected God," he cried out, "you shall pay dearly for these sacrilegious words!"

"*Be faithful to your faith, even unto the peril of your life,* said the Prophet," the Saracen replied. "I am in your power, Nazarean. Your threats will not keep me from telling the truth. God is God!"

"The truth," added emir's son, "is that you Franks have invaded our country, ravaging our fields, massacring our wives and children, profanating the corpses!"

"Silence, my son!" resumed the emir in a grave voice. "Mahomet said it: *The strength of the just man is in the calmness of his reasoning and in the justice of his cause.*" The young man held his peace, and his father proceeded, addressing the Prince of Taranto: "I told you the truth; I feel sorry for you if you are ignorant of, or deny it. Our people, separated from yours by the immensity of the seas and vast territories, could not harm your nation. We have respected the hermits and the Christian priests. Their monasteries rise in the midst of the fertile plains of Syria, their basilicas glisten in our cities beside our mosques. In the name of Abraham, the father of us all—Musselmen, Jews and Christians—we have welcomed like brothers your pilgrims, who came to Jerusalem to worship the sepulchre of Jesus, and his wise men. The Christians exercised their religion in peace, for Allah, the God of the Prophet, said through the mouth of Mahomet, the Prophet of God: *Injure no one on account of his religion.* But our mildness has emboldened your priests. They have incited the Christians against us; they have outraged our creed, pretending theirs alone is true and that Satan inspired our prayers. We long remained patient. A thousand times the stronger in numbers, we could have exterminated the Christians. We limited ourselves to imprisoning them. Those of your priests who outraged us and sowed discord in our country, were punished according to our laws. You then came by the thousands from beyond the seas, you invaded our country, and you have let loose upon us the most atrocious ills. Our priests then preached a holy war; we have defended ourselves, and we shall continue to do so. God protects the faithful!"

The calmness of the old emir exasperated the Crusaders. He would have been torn to pieces, together with his son and companions, but for the intervention of Bohemond, who with gesture and voice reined in the seigneurs. Addressing himself thereupon to the Saracen by means of the interpreter, he said: "You deserve death a hundred times, but I forgive you!"

"I shall report your generosity to my people."

"Be it so! But you shall also say to them: 'The Prince governor of the city and the seigneurs have to-day decided in council that all Saracens, henceforth captured, shall be killed and roasted, to serve as meat with their bodies to the seigneurs as well as to the army.' "[1]

The Prince of Taranto, while speaking and acting like a cannibal, was following the inspiration of an atrocious policy. He knew that the eating of human flesh inspired the Mahometans with extreme horror, seeing they professed for their dead a religious veneration. Accordingly, Bohemond expected to conjure up such fear among the Saracens that it would paralyze their resistence, and they would no longer fight, fearing to fall dead or alive in the hands of the soldiers of Christ, and be devoured by them.[2]

At the order of the Prince of Taranto, the King of the Vagabonds seized the emir's son, and, while the soldiers held the other prisoners back to compel them to witness the revolting spectacle, the young Saracen was slaughtered, disembowelled, spitted and broiled over the burning embers of the pyre that had just been the theatre of the miracle of Peter Barthelmy and of the death of Azenor the Jewess; and in the presence of the crusading seigneurs, of the legate of the Pope and of the clergy, the Sacaren youth was devoured by the band of Corentin the Gibbet-cheater, assisted by the other wretches, whom a fury of fanatical self-glorification drove to join the anthropophagous feast. This done, the father of the victim and his companions were freed from their bonds and set at liberty, a liberty, however, that the old man did not profit from. He dropped dead on the spot with grief and horror. Another Saracen went crazy with horror; the other two fled distracted from the fated city.

The frightful scene was hardly over, when messengers from Godfrey of Boullion arrived, notifying Bohemond to depart with his troops without delay, and join under the walls of Jerusalem the main army of Godfrey, who had just begun the seige of the Holy City.

Immediately the trumphets were sounded in Marhala; the cohorts formed themselves; and the army of the Prince of Taranto leaving a garrison behind in the Saracen city, set out on the march for Jerusalem, singing that now well-known refrain of the Crusaders, which was re-echoed in chorus by the mob that followed in the wake of the army:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! City of marvels! Happiest among all cities! You are the object of the vows of the angels! You constitute their happiness! The wood of the cross is our standard. Let's follow that banner, that marches on before, guided by the Holy Ghost! God wills it! God wills it! God wills it!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

Fergan left the city with wife and child clad in new raiment, thanks to the purse he had found in the desert. An ass carried their provisions—a large pouch of water and a bag of dates. He also took precautions of arming himself for defence against marauders. To drop out of the stream of the Crusaders would at that season have been insanity. After the capture of Jerusalem, large numbers of Crusaders were expected to return to Europe, taking ship at Tripoli on Genoese or Venetian vessels. Fergan's little treasure would enable him to pay for the passage of himself and family to either of those cities, whence he planned to cross Italy, return to Gaul and settle down at Laon in Picardy, where he confidently expected to find Gildas, the elder brother of Bezenecq the Rich and joint descendant with the quarryman of Joel, the ancient Gallic Chief. Fergan felt a lively desire to see Jerusalem, the city where, over a thousand years before, his ancestress Genevieve had witnessed the agony of the carpenter of Nazareth, that humble artisan, that great and kindly sage, the friend of the slaves, of the poor and of the afflicted, the enemy of hypocrite priests, of the rich and of the powerful of his days. Joan and Colombaik alternately rode the ass when they were tired. The serf experienced a rare pleasure at seeing for the first time his wife and child properly clad, and steadily regaining the strength they had lost by their recent fatigues and privations.

They followed the wake of the army. At its head marched a band of cavaliers carrying the banner of St. Peter, the disciple of Jesus. Behind Peter's banner came the train-bands under the command of their respective seigneurs, carrying the banner of each seigniory embroidered with coat-of-arms, or war cries, such as: "To Christ, the Victorious!" "To the Reign of Jesus!" The latter motto appeared on the standard of the Prince of Taranto. The legate of the Pope followed next, accompanied by the clergy; then the troops of soldiers, on foot and on horseback; and finally the multitude of ragged men, women and children who trailed after the army. Fergan journeyed with these. To the end of husbanding their little purse, he employed himself taking charge of the mules or guiding the wagons,

---

[1] William, Archbishop of Tyre, reports this frightful address in his history of the Crusaders.

[2] Baudry, Archbishop of Dole, says: "It was not imputed a crime to eat up the Saracens; it was considered to be a waging of war against them with the teeth."

(Continued on Page 3.)

The Pilgrim's Shell

(Continued from Page 2.)

for which he received a few deniers and his food. The journey from Marhala to Jerusalem was trying in the extreme. A large number of helpless people dropped out on the route and died of thirst, hunger and fatigue, and became the pray of hyenas and vultures. Thus their bleaching bones, together with those of so many other victims, traced also the route to Jerusalem. Half a day's journey from the city Colombaik came near dying. Thrown down by a horse, his leg was broken in two places. As the child suffered excruciating pains he could not be transported on the ass. Leaving the other stragglers to continue their march, Fergan was left behind with Colombaik and Joan. The soil at that place was arid and mountainous. The pain suffered by Colombaik was intolerable. Hoping to descry some habitation, Fergan climbed to the top of a palm tree. At a great distance off the road nestled a collection of peasant houses at the foot of a hill, hidden under clusters of date trees. Aware of the kind-heartedness natural to the Saracen people, whom nothing but the ferocity of the Crusaders pushed to a desperate resistance, above all aware of the religious regard that this nation has for the laws of hospitality, Fergan decided to transport his son with the aid of Joan to one of those houses and ask for help. The decision was put with all the greater promptness into execution out of fear for the marauders and vagabonds, who, hovering at a distance, would have slain them for the booty.

The dwellers of the little hamlet had all fled at the approach of the army of the Crusaders, except one Arab and his wife. Both of them, bent with age and seated at the threshold of their house, held their beads in their hands and were praying, in calm resignation awaiting death, certain that some soldier or other of Christ would come and pillage and ravage their home. The old Saracen and his mate, seeing Joan and Fergan approach carrying in their arms the child, who moaned piteously, realized that they need not fear them as enemies, and hastened forward to their encounter. Ignorant of the language of the travelers as these were of theirs, the Saracen couple exchanged a few words among themselves, pointing sympathetically to the child, and while the woman went towards a little garden, the man motioned to Fergan and Joan to follow him into the house. This dwelling was whitewashed without, after the fashion of the country; it was crowned by a terrace, and had no other opening than a narrow door. Two mats served for beds. After motioning Fergan and Joan to lay the child upon one of these and then to bare his leg, the host, who seemed gifted with certain surgical abilities, lengthily examined Colombaik's leg. He then stepped out, making a sign for Fergan and his wife to wait for him.

"Oh, Fergan!" exclaimed Joan, kneeling beside Colombaik, "with what solicitude did not that Saracen and his wife look upon our child! And yet we are strangers to them, enemies. The Crusaders whom we follow, ravage their country, massacre them, torture them to death! And yet see with what kindness these worthy people receive us!"

"It is natural. The Mohamedan priests, while preaching the sacred love of country and resistance to foreign oppression, also preach the holy laws of humanity towards God's creatures of whatever faith. Alack! Certain Christian priests order, and themselves set the example of, the extermination of those who do not share their beliefs. An atrocious creed!"

The Arab returned with his wife. She carried in her hand a vase of water, some palm leaves just pulled off, and some herbs that she had pounded between two stones. The Saracen brought several splints of the length of Colombaik's leg, together with a long bandage of cloth, with the aid of which she bound the splints firmly around the child's leg, after having covered it with the crushed herbs. The leg being bandaged, the old Arab woman sprinkled it with fresh water, and covered the whole limb with the palm leaves. Colombaik felt eased as if by enchantment. Full of gratitude, and unable to express themselves in a tongue that was not theirs, Fergan and Joan kissed the hands of their hosts. A tear rolled down upon the aged man's long beard, and he gravely pointed to heaven, meaning undoubtedly to tell his guests it was God that their thanks were due to. He then took the ass, which had remained standing at the door, and led it to the stable. The old woman brought in honey, fresh dates, sheep's milk and a buttered roll of meal. Fergan and Joan felt deeply touched by such a generous hospitality. Their child's sufferings were momentarily abating. The old man made them understand by a significant gesture, opening and closing his ten fingers three times and pointing to the child upon the mat, that he had to remain down thirty days, in order no doubt that the bones of his broken leg could again grow together and become strong. Thanks to the solitude where this house was ensconced in, the period necessary for the healing of the child ran peacefully by. They were the happiest days the serfs had yet known. After having exercised his hospitality towards them without knowing them, the aged Arabian grew attached to Fergan, Joan and Colombaik, touched by the gratitude that, to the best of their ability, they sought to manifest, and also by the tender affection that united Fergan and his wife. One day he took Fergan by the hand, led him up a stony hill, whence he pointed to the horizon, shaking his head expressive of uneasiness; he then pointed towards the foot of the hill at the tranquil habitation where they had dwelt nearly a month. Fergan understanding that he was urged to stay in that retreat, looked astonished at the Arabian. The latter thereupon folded his arms on his breast, closed his eyes, and, melancholily shaking his head, pointed to the earth, indicating that he was old, that soon he and his wife would die, and that, if Fergan was so inclined, the house, the garden, and the little field attached to it, would be his.

Fergan was but a poor serf, led to the Crusade by the urgency of escaping with wife and child the vengeance of his seigneur and the horrors of serfdom. Nevertheless, at that supreme moment, yielding obedience to the orders left by the Gallic chief Joel to his descendants, he achieved an act of self-sacrifice before which men more fortunately situated than himself might have recoiled. He might have accepted the aged Arabian's offer and ended his days free and happy in this retreat, in the company of his wife and child. But he was the depositary of a portion of the chronicles and relics of his family. He knew that Gildas, the elder brother of Bezenecq the Rich, held the archives of their family back to the invasion of Gaul by Cæsar, while himself was charged with a latter portion of safe-keeping. Some day he hoped to be able, in obedience to the behest of Joel, to add to those chronicles the recital of his own and his family's ordeals during the terrible period of the feudal oppression, and, in his turn, narrate the events they witnessed during this Crusade, one of the momentous crimes of Rome. Accordingly, Fergan considered it a sacred duty to make every effort to return to Gaul, and join his relation Gildas the Tanner in Laon. Moreover, since his arrival in Syria, he had heard that the inhabitants of several large cities in Gaul, more enlightened and more daring than the poorer rustic plebs, were beginning to stir. He had heard accounts of the insurrection of several cities of Gaul against their seigneurs, bishops and abbots, masters of the places. Perchance, those bourgeois revolts might lead to revolts among the serfs of the field. He conceived as possible a general revolt against the hierarchy of Church, monarchy and seigneurs, and he considered it a crime not to strive to be in Gaul at that hour of uprising and general enfranchisement. Fergan declined the Arab's offer.

July 15, 1099, arrived. Forever indelibly fixed remained that fatal date upon the serf's mind. Towards noon, leaning upon his mother and Fergan, Colombaik had been essaying his strength. For the first time in thirty days he had risen from his bed, and the two venerable hosts followed with tender solicitude the movements of the child. Suddenly the tramp of a horse was heard descending at a gallop the hill that rose above the house. The aged Saracen exchanged a few words with his wife and both stepped out precipitately. A few instants later they re-entered, accompanied by another grey-bearded Musselman covered with dust. His pale and disconcerted features expressed terror and despair. He spoke to the aged couple in abrupt words and panting for breath. Blood-stained bandages of linen around his right arm and leg betokened two recent wounds. Several times, in the midst of his excited words, the word "Jerusalem" was heard—the only word that the serfs could understand. As he spoke, fear, indignation and horror reflected themselves on the features of the aged Saracen and his wife, until presently their venerable faces were bathed in tears, and they fell upon their knees, moaning and raising their hands to heaven. At that moment the stranger, who in his pre-occupation had not noticed the serfs, recognized them by their clothes as Christians, emitted a cry of rage and drew his cimeter. Quickly rising to their feet, both the hosts ran to him, and after a few words, pronounced in a voice of tender reproach, the Saracen warrior returned his sabre to its scabbard and exchanged a few sentences with the aged couple. The latter seemed to conjure the stranger to remain with them; but he shook his head, pressed their hands in his, rushed out, threw himself upon his steaming horse, invoked the vengeance of heaven with a gesture, climbed the hill at a gallop, and vanished from sight. This friend of the aged couple had come to inform them of the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders. The recital of the massacres, the pillage, the unspeakable atrocities that the soldiers of Christ had soiled and dishonored their victims with, threw the aged couple into consternation. Anxious to ascertain the fact, Fergan addressed them, uttering the word "Jerusalem" in a sad and interrogating tone. Instead of answering, however, both drew brusquely away as if they extended to him the horror that the Crusaders inspired them with. Fergan exchanged a sad glance with Joan, when, the host, no doubt regretting his first impulse, returned to the serfs, leaned over Colombaik, who had been laid down again, and kissed him on the forehead. Joan and Fergan, understanding the delicacy of the sentiment thus expressed, were moved to tears. The old Saracen took Fergan for one of the soldiers of that ferocious and impious Crusade, and deposited a kiss of pardon and oblivion upon the innocent brow of the child of the reputed malefactor. The aged Saracen then left the house with his wife.

"Jerusalem has fallen into the power of the Crusaders," Fergan said to Joan. "I can reach the city in a few hours. I desire to go there. There is nothing for me to fear. I shall be back early to-morrow morning. We shall then decide what to do."

Although uneasy at the prospect of his departure, the sweet Joan sought not to keep her husband back. After embracing her and entrusting to her his little treasury and the belt containing his family records and relics, Fergan left for Jerusalem. Hardly upon the road, which passed at quite a distance from his late retreat, he encountered a troop of pilgrims. They were also hastening to the holy city, whose domes, towers, minarets and even ramparts they began to perceive from afar after four hours march.

That vast city formed a square a league long. The enclosure dominated from the west by the high mount of Zion, contained the four rocky hills on which Jerusalem was built in an ampitheatre,—to the east, Mount Moriah, on which rose the Mosque of Omar, built upon the site of the old Temple of Solomon; to the southeast, Mount Acra, to the north, Mount Bezetha; and further to the west the Mount of Golgotha, the Calvary where the young man of Nazareth was crucified under the eyes of Fergan's ancestress Genevieve. At the summit of Calvary rose the Church of the Resurrection, built on the very spot where Jesus died, a magnificent church until then religiously respected by the Saracens, together with its treasures, despite the war of the Crusaders. Within the church stood the sepulchre of Christ, the pretext for this unhallowed war. Such was the distant view of Jerusalem. As the travellers approached, they saw more distinctly, within the ramparts of walls, the outlines of ampitheaters of white square houses, surmounted with terraces, and here and yonder, standing out against the deep blue of the sky, the domes of mosques, the steeples of Christian basilicas, and several bouquets of palm trees. Not a tree was visible in the environs of the city. The reddish, stony and parched ground, radiated the torrid heat of the sun that was westerning behind the hills. In the neighborhood of the camp, whose tents glistened only a short distance from the ramparts, a large number of Crusaders were seen dead or dying of the wounds that they received at the sortie made by the besieged. The wounded filled the air with pitiful wails, vainly imploring help. All the men, not the able-bodied alone, but even those whose wounds allowed them to walk, had precipitated themselves upon the city, in order to share in the sack. The abandoned camp contained only corpses, the dying, horses and beasts of burden. As the travelers drew still nearer to the city, whose gates had been knocked in after the siege, a confused and formidable noise struck their ears. It was a frightful mixture of cries of terror, of rage and of desperate supplication, above which ever and anon rose the fanatical clamor: "God wills it! God wills it!" After staggering and stumbling over thousands of corpses, strewn near the approaches of the gate of Bezetha, Fergan arrived at the entrance of a long street that issued into a vast square, in the middle of which rose the marvelous Mosque of Omar on the very site where once stood the ancient Temple of Solomon. It was as if the serf had stepped into a river of blood, red and reeking, and carrying in its current thousands of mutilated corpses, heads and disjointed members.

The street that Fergan stepped into belonged to the new ward, the richest of the city. Stately dwellings and not a few marble palaces, surmounted with balustraded terraces, rose on either side of this vast thoroughfare paved with wide slabs of stone. A furious multitude—soldiers, men, women and children, all belonging to the Crusade—swarmed over this long street, uttering ferocious yells. A young Saracen woman rushed out of the door of the third house to the right of Fergan. She was deadly pale with terror, her hair streamed behind her, and her rich clothes were in shreds. In her arms she carried two children, two or three years old. Behind her an aged man, already wounded, appeared on the threshold, walking backward and striving to defend her. The flow of blood covered his visage and clotted his long white beard, while he struggled to keep back two Crusaders. One of these, carrying on his left shoulder a bundle of costly clothes, pursued the aged Saracen with sword thrusts, and finally ran him through the breast, throwing him dead at the feet of the young mother. The second Crusader, who, no doubt disdaining to carry a heavy booty, had strung around his neck several gold chains pillaged in this house, immediately seized the young woman by the throat and rolled her over on a heap of corpses, while the first crushed under his iron-tagged heels the heads of the two children that had dropped from their mother's arms. At that instant, one of the women who followed the army hastened by, a hideous and savage-looking hag, brandishing in her hand the stump of a knife, red with blood. A lad, about the age of Colombaik, accompanied the fury. "Each one his turn," said she to the soldier; "leave for me those whelps of the devil, my son will despatch them!" And placing the knife in the lad's hand, she added: "Cut off their heads, disembowel those infidel dogs!" The child obeyed the hag's orders and disemboweled the two little children.

Further away, a band of vagabonds and wenches, drunk with wine and carnage, was besieging a palace that the men of Heracle, seigneur of Polignac, had seized. As the symbol of possession, these had raised the embroidered banner of their seigneur upon the terrace of the splendid building. After throwing a shower of stones at the soldiers of the seigneur of Polignac, the vagabonds and wenches assailed the soldiers with sticks, pikes and cutlasses, shouting hoarsely in the midst of the bloody melee: "Death! To the sack! This house and its riches belong to us as well as to the seigneurs! To the sack! Death! Death!"

"Exterminate this band of vagabonds!" shouted back the soldiers, thrusting about them with their lances and swords. "Death to these jackals who mean to devour the prey of the lion!"

As Fergan advanced along this street he witnessed shocking scenes. The sight of a gigantic soldier carrying, strung on his upright lance, three little children from five to six months old, was a spectacle never to be forgotten. Suddenly he found himself shoved hither and thither, and presently shut in within a circle of armed men who seemed to be arranged in some kind of order before the entrance of one of the most splendid palaces on the street. Lemon and oleander trees, planted in boxes, but now broken in two and upset, still ornamented the moresque balustrades of the terrace. The band, among which there were several women, and that left a wide empty space free between itself and the walls, emitted yells of savage impatience. Presently, the sleeves of his brown frock rolled back to the elbows, and his hands red with blood, a monk leaned forward over the balustrade of the terrace. It was Peter the Hermit, the companion of Walter the Pennyless. The identical Cuckoo Peter, whose hollow eyes glistened with savage fanaticism, now called out to the crowd in a hoarse voice: "My brothers in Christ, are you ready? Draw near and receive your share of the booty."

"We are ready, holy man, and have been long waiting," answered several bandits; "we are losing our time here; they are pillaging elsewhere, holy father in God! We want our share of the booty."

"Here comes your share of this great feast, my brothers in Christ. The vapor of the infidels' blood rises towards the Lord like an incense of myrrh and balsam! Let not one of the miscreants, that we are about to throw down to you from this terrace, escape with his life!"

Peter the Hermit vanished and almost immediately the bust of a Saracen, clad in the purple caftan embroidered in gold, appeared above. Although bound hands and feet, the wild jumps of the unhappy man showed that he resisted with all his might the efforts of those who strove to throw him down into the street. A few minutes later, however, half his body had been forced over the balustrade. He straightened up once more, but immediately was hurled into space and dropped, head foremost, thirty feet below. A joyous clamor broke out at the man's fall, and redoubled when, with a dull thud, his skull struck the pavement and broke. He lived a few seconds longer, and strove to turn on his side while emitting violent imprecations. But soon, riddled with sword thrusts, broken with clubs and mauled with stones, there remained of him but a mangled lump in the midst of a pool of blood. "Father in God," cried out the mob, "the job is done! Hurry up! Send us another!"

The hideous figure of Peter the Hermit re-appeared above the balustrade. He leaned his head forward and contemplated the remains of the Saracen. "Well done, my children!" The monk had hardly disappeared again, when two youths of fifteen to sixteen years, brothers no doubt, and bound face to face, were thrown down from the terrace. The violence of the fall snapped the bands that held them together. The elder was killed on the spot, the younger's legs were broken. For a few moments he dragged himself on his hands, moaning piteously and seeking to approach his brother's corpse. The Crusaders pounced upon these new victims. Women, monsters in human form, pulled out their entrails, indulged in obscene and infamous mutilations upon the two corpses, and throwing into the air the bleeding parts, cried out exultingly: "Let's exterminate the infidels! God wills it!"

Twenty times did Peter the Hermit re-appear on the terrace, and twenty times were bodies thrown down over the balustrade, and torn to pieces by the crowd, drunk with bloodshed. Among these victims were five young girls and two other boys from ten to twelve years of age.

All the inhabitants of Jerusalem who were captured, even those who had paid ransom for their lives—men, women and children—all, to the number of seventy thousand human beings, were thus massacred. The extermination lasted two days and three nights, obedient to the following order of the seigneur Tancred, one of the heroes of the Crusade: *"We consider it necessary to put to the sword without delay both the prisoners and those who paid ransom."*

The last of the victims, cast at the mob by Peter the Hermit, were being massacred, when another band of Crusaders, running up from the other end of the street and marching towards the large square, passed by shouting: "The people of Tancred are pillaging the Mosque of Omar. * * * By all the saints of Paradise and all the devils of hell, we want our part of the booty!"

"And we stay here amusing ourselves with corpses!" cried out the butchers under Peter the Hermit's terrace. "Let's on to the mosque! To the sack! To the sack!"

Again Fergan was carried by the torrent of the crowd and arrived upon a spacious square littered with Saracen corpses, seeing that, after the assault had succeeded, the Saracens had retreated, fighting from street to street, and drawn themselves up before the mosque, where a last battle was delivered. At that place, these heroes were all killed defending the temple, the refuge of the women, the children and the old men, too feeble to fight, and who relied upon the pity and mercy of the vanquishers. Easier far had it been to excite the pity of a hungry tiger than that of the Crusaders.

Several tiers of marble stairs led down to the Mosque of Omar, whose floor was about three feet below the level of the street. Such had been the butchery indulged in by the Crusaders, and so much blood had run down into the temple, which measured more than one thousand feet in circumference, that the blood, rising above the first stairs, began to run over into the square. The interior of the Mosque of Omar offered to the eye but one vast sheet of blood, still warm, and the vapor of which rose like a light mist above an innumerable mass of corpses, here wholly, yonder only partially submerged in the red lake, where heads and members hacked from the trunk with hatchets, were seen floating at large. Of the Crusaders who entered the Mosque of Omar for pillage, some waded in blood to their waists. The warmth of the flowing blood and the site of the shocking butchery made Fergan reel with dizziness. His heart thumped against his ribs and his strength gave way. In vain he sought support against one of the porphyry columns at the facade of the mosque. He dropped down unconscious, his legs steeped in blood.

Fergan knew not how long he remained in that condition. When he regained consciousness it was night. The brightness of a large number of torches struck his eye. Religious songs, repeated in chorus by thousands of voices, fell upon his ears. Flanked by two files of soldiers, who marched in measured tread with torches in their hands, he saw a long procession pass by the temple. The procession wended its way to the Mount of Golgotha, close to the Church of the Resurrection, where stood the sepulchre of Jesus. At the head of the procession triumphantly marched the legate of the Pope, Peter the Hermit and the clergy, chanting praises to the All-powerful; after them the chiefs of the Crusaders, among them William IX, Duke of Aquitaine, clad in an old sack and smiting his breast. These were followed by the train-bands of the seigneurs, together with a multitude of soldiers, men, women, children and pilgrims, singing in chorus *Laudate Creator*. The crowd was so numerous that when the prelates and the chiefs of the Crusade, who headed the procession, reached the front of the Church of the Resurrection, the last ranks were still crowding upon each other in the middle of the square of the mosque. Other Crusaders marched outside of the two files of torch-bearing soldiers.

When Fergan approached the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, brilliantly lighted within, he heard loud roars of laughter mingled with maudlin imprecations. The King of the Vagabonds and his band, in company with their wenches, all drunk with wine and carnage, had taken possession of the holy place, and had begun to pillage it of its ornaments. At the center of the sanctuary stood Perrette the Ribald, her hair disheveled like a Bacchante's.

(To be Continued.)

W O M A N

U N D E R

SOCIAILSM

READY FOR MAILING.

Daniel De Leon's translation of August Bebel's great book, with translator's preface and notes.

Four hundred pages, on laid antique paper, with pen drawing of Bebel.

PRICE - - - - - - - $1.00

NEW YORK LABOR NEWS CO.,
2-6 New Reade Street,
New York City.

WEEKLY PEOPLE
2, 4 and 6 New Reade St., New York.
P. O. Box 1576. Tel. 129 Franklin.

Published Every Saturday by the Socialist Labor Party.

Entered as second-class matter at the New York postoffice, July 13, 1900.

As far as possible, rejected communications will be returned, if so desired, and stamps are enclosed.

SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:

In 1888	2,068
In 1892	21,157
In 1896	36,564
In 1900	34,191
In 1902	53,763

"A chattel slave was a slave, and he never voted for it; a serf was a serf, and he never voted for it; but a wage-slave is a slave, and he voted for it."

A MODERN PLEBS LEADER

The following is a despatch from Tamaqua, Pa.:

President Mitchell's declaration in Chicago on Saturday that he would shortly resign as the head of the United Mine Workers leads the officials of the organization here to believe that he is about to enter President Roosevelt's official family.

It is said by the mine workers' officials here who are known to be in Mr. Mitchell's confidence that he has been tendered a place. What the place is cannot be stated definitely, but it is believed to be the commissioner of labor portfolio. Carroll D. Wright, the present incumbent, will, it is said, retire in a month or two and Mr. Mitchell will succeed him. Two Congressmen from the anthracite district, when interviewed today, said that they would not be at all surprised at such a consummation, as they have heard vague rumors to this effect for the last month or two.

To make assurance doubly sure we shall here re-introduce President Mitchell as the gentleman, who, in the great coal strike of 1902, when the price of bituminous coal rose from about $4 a ton to $20, caused the bituminous wing of his army to scab it upon its anthracite wing by seeing to it that they remained at work.

Mr. Mitchell's "elevation" to public office by a capitalist government is in the order of things. And what that order of things is will be found explained in detail in the "Two Pages from Roman History," out of which the below is a passage directly in point:

The common designation of "Labor" that clings to the Labor Leader, and which he is zealous to cultivate, does for the Labor Leader what the common designation of "plebeian" did for the Plebs Leader: it covers him, along with the toiling and fleeced wage-slaves in the shops, mills and yards, placing him before these in the light of a "fellow-working man." In this instance, as in that of the Plebs Leader, the people—capitalists as well as proletarians—generally fall victims to the delusion, a delusion that, just as in the instance of the Plebs Leader, the Labor Leader alone remains free from. Accordingly, in this instance, as in that of the Plebs Leader, the common delusion arms the Labor Leader with the club wherewith to wrench from the Capitalist Class safety for himself. True enough, the character of that safety differs markedly from that which the Plebs Leader needed, aimed at and got. Theoretical political equality in capitalist society, especially in a capitalist republic, eliminates the political issues that arose in patrician Rome. To-day the only question among the elements that accept the existing Social System is economic. And that question is considered solved by the folks of the "practical" brigade when a "living" is secured; that is to say, when immunity is gained from work as a wage-slave. Obviously, the landing on the "stairs of safety" with the Labor Leader is far below what it necessarily had to be with the Plebs Leader; with the Labor Leader the landing is brought down to the level of the "bribe." The lowering of the character of the "safety" with which the Labor Leader is satisfied, quite in keeping with the lowering morality of capitalist atmosphere, does not affect the essence of the Labor Leader's exploit, nor the nature of its effect. That he can secure such safety; that he is enveloped in a popular delusion which enables him to secure such safety, and that imparts direction to would-be imitators; finally, that, bundle of ignorance, perverseness and corruption as he is, he succeeds in his double game of double dealing—that is the important fact. And that fact makes the Labor Leader of to-day, just as the Plebs Leader of old, a masked position, a strategic post and force that buttresses capitalism, and the very quality of which cannot but operate demoralizingly, disastrously upon the Working Class.

The "Labor Leader" is a tool of the capitalist class. He who fights the one must fight the other.

OUR APPROPRIATIONS FOR REPRESSION.

Socialists know that the wealth with which capitalist governments are run is taken, not from the pockets, but from the marrow of the working class. A vast difference! Labor being the sole producer of all wealth, and capitalist governments being run by wealth, it follows that these governments are run by the product of Labor. At the same time, seeing that Labor is plundered in the shop, where, in the shape of wages it gets but a small fraction of its product, and seeing, furthermore, that its wages depend upon its own market price, it follows that the wealth with which capitalist governments are run comes, not out of the pockets of the workingman—it never having got so far—but out of the pockets where the capitalist class keeps the plunder that it raises from Labor. It, consequently, is of no consequence how heavily the capitalists lay on the taxes for their government. Once we have a capitalist regime, taxes do not concern Labor, they concern the capitalists. This notwithstanding, it is interesting to watch and see the purposes to which capitalist government applies the taxes. An insight is thereby obtained in the nature of capitalist society.

There is in Congress a bill appropriating $96,000,000 for the Navy, and in addition authorizing an increase in naval plans involving $29,000,000—all told $125,000,000. From a naval expenditure of $55,953,078 in 1900—only four years ago—the government spent on the Navy $82,613,034 last year, and now needs and will appropriate the above sum of $125,000,000!

Nor is this all. More than two dollars, out of every five now raised by taxation, go to purposes of war—for the Army and Navy!

The rest of the computation is obvious. It proves that barring an insignificant fraction, the bulk of the taxes go to powers—OF REPRESSION. Not to the safekeeping of the citizen; not to his enlightenment; not to his comfort;—but to REPRESSION. This conclusion leads to another, equally obvious, to wit, that the government is a capitalist class government, by the capitalist class and for the capitalist class—consequently and inevitably AGAINST Labor.

Our capitalists need not nor do they seek to repress themselves; our capitalists need and seek to repress just one class—the WORKING CLASS. As the plundered class, the working class has not even property to protect. The property protected and the class protected by our government are outside of the masses—the WORKING CLASS.

There is some little comfort in the thought that the capitalist class is by the very law of its existence compelled to spend such vast portions of its plunder in protecting it. But the comfort turns to gall when one further considers that just as soon as the capitalist class finds the taxation drain on its plunder to increase it tightens the screws upon the working class, lowers the wages, and lays men off to diet their minds into accepting lower wages. Thus plunder leads to heavy taxes; heavy taxes lead to increased plunder—whither?

FUTILE FIDGET.

As the war in the Far East begins to raise heavy clouds of war all over Europe, interest seems to begin to center in the United States. Foreseeing a war at her back with England, Russia has begun to coquet with this country, and our American pundits are thrown into a fidget as to what the country will do. Is our government to side with Russia? Is it to side with England, the obvious European antagonist of Russia? And seeking to answer the question, they take hold of the Russian hint, that during our Civil War Russia sympathized with the North. The fidget is futile.

It matters not what Russia did then to determine the conduct of the Administration in Washington now. Capitalist nations do not pay off obligations of gratitude. The only thing that guides them is how their capitalist interests will be affected NOW. We have seen this country forget all about the positive help given by Great Britain to the Confederates the moment the pockets of the capitalists, who run our Government, found their account in forgetting the old injury. So likewise will we find them again forgetting any act of kindness that Russia may have bestowed upon us during the dark years of the early sixties—should such forgetting square with present interests. Not recollections of the past will carry the day at Washington, but knowledge of the present. According as that knowledge be, should the United States take a hand in the threatened international war, will be the attitude of America.

But our nervous peerers into the future are absolutely wasting their energies. There is not one chance in a thousand that this country will become a belligerent. The more general the clash, all the more certain will be our capitalists' neutrality. For one thing, they will want to sell provisions of war to BOTH sets of sides: why spoil such a chance of coining bloodshed into money by spoiling it with one set or the other? For another thing, the more completely at peace our capitalists remain, all the more assured will the role of final arbiter be to them. When the groups of European nations, that are now expected to be seen siding with Japan, and the other groups, that are expected to be seen siding with Russia, shall have thoroughly exhausted themselves, our own capitalist government will step up smilingly, and "in the interest of humanity" take the kernel from both, and give one half the shell to each.

Russia's early opinion that Japan was fighting America's battles—if the theory is correct—will have more weight than all reminiscences of past kindness in deciding America's attitude in this war, and that opinion would clearly cause America to keep her hands off—for the present.

IMPRACTICAL "PRACTICAL" POLITICS.

William Travers Jerome's address to the Princeton students on "College Men in Politics" is remarkable as an indication of the superficial if not deliberate misinformation that is permitted to reach the world outside of the alleged institutions of knowledge via the press of the country.

Jerome claimed that the district leader was the man who actually controlled the political situation, and argued that if the college men desired good government they must take the district leader's place, and use it for unselfish instead of selfish ends.

This view is wholly erroneous. It endows the district leader with powers independent of accompanying conditions. It makes of him a creator of forces, whereas he is simply a tool. Without the contributions to corruption funds received from corporations, without the votes of the workingmen intimidated by corporations, the nominees of the district bosses' organization would fail of success, and he be rendered impotent and helpless. With these, however, he is at once triumphant and powerful. Turn to the recent gubernatorial election in Ohio, for example. There two bosses, both powerful in their respective parties, faced each other in political combat. One represented the middle class; the other the ultra-capitalist class. The first appealed for votes; the second got them by claiming that his opponent's election would cause the corporations of the State to suspend operations, thus creating unemployment and suffering—in other words, that they would resent their employes' action in voting against the candidate favorable to their interests, by temporarily depriving them of a livelihood. The first of these powerful bosses lost. The second recently departed this life the greatest politician of his time.

Jerome calls his idea "practical" politics. In so doing he affects to despise the academic idea. But it appears less despicable than his own. The Jerome idea, in attributing political rottenness to powerful individuals, misses its source, which is to be found in a class, viz., the capitalist class. This class must retain possession of the government to protect its interests. To this end it contributes its funds and its power. From these arise the vast corruption in politics and the great influence of the corruptors—the district bosses. The academic idea of politics may be silly and useless, but that of Jerome is vicious, in that it keeps alive, by its errors, the very system which it pretends to overthrow.

Good government is impossible as long as capitalism prevails, whether the district boss is a Croker, or a Princeton graduate.

There is trouble in the recently amalgamated musical union of this city. When the Manhattan Musical Union joined the Musical Mutual Protective Union the latter had 3,500 members. The Manhattan Musical Union added 1,300 more. This the old members of the organization say is too many. It could not provide work for all of its original 3,500 members, and now average musicians are earning only half as much as they were a few years ago. The idea that a union is only an employment bureau is bound to create trouble. It is an erroneous idea, and will work discord as long as there are unemployed. The correct idea of a union is one that would abolish the conditions that create unemployment. Such a union is the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance.

WEALTH DIFFUSION THROUGH STOCKS.

There is a theory afloat which asserts that though wealth is concentrated in corporations its ownership is diffused by means of the stocks of these corporations, which are purchased by small holders. This theory is traveling a very rocky road at the present time, much to the discomfiture of its already badly shattered health. A financial newspaper arises to ask "Who holds the stocks?" and in answering the question, it reverses the theory.

This newspaper begins by tracing the change in the distribution of holdings since last spring and summer, and it finds that more than $200,000,000 in securities have been absorbed by trust companies and national banks. As is well known, the financial institutions of this country are owned and controlled by "the high financiers," the ultra-capitalists of the country, i. e., the Rockefellers, Morgans, etc., who use them to finance industrial enterprises and thereby secure industrial supremacy. In other words, this financial newspaper makes clear that, instead of promoting the diffusion of wealth, stockholding facilitates its absorption and concentration. A will-o'-the-wisp which beckons the middle class to fortunes which always elude them, and an imposition to which the working class must often submit, as in the case of the Steel Trust, small stockholding becomes a means by which the smaller particles of wealth are forced to coalesce with the larger under capitalist ownership and control.

The basic principle and mechanism of capitalism are such, viz., the exploitation on an ever larger scale of the social means of production and distribution by private ownership, that wealth diffusion is not only antagonistic to its existence, but impossible of attainment. All things flow to concentrated capitalism by virtue of its needs and its conditions. Only under Socialism, where every man will receive what he produces, instead of giving up the major part of it to the high financier, will wealth diffusion truly exist!

MEMORANDUM.

The "Evening Post" correctly summarizes in two clauses the Chicago Washington's Birthday speech delivered by the late Secretary of War, Elihu Root. The two clauses are these:

(1) Colombia had never possessed full sovereign rights on the Isthmus, but held it subject in general to the convenience of the world, and in particular, under the treaty of 1846, to the will of the United States.

(2) The province of Panama "owned" the Isthmus, and by the revolution of November, 1903, merely resumed possession of a valuable asset which it had never morally alienated.

The theory underlying these two clauses is quite valuable. Leaving aside whether it applies to Colombia and Panama, could there be any doubt of its applying to the Capitalist Class and to Labor? None.

The "Evening Post," with a keener nose than Mr. Root, does not like the theory. Neither will Mr. Root, the day the theory assumes this expression:

1. The capitalist class never really possessed full sovereign rights over the wealth of the land, but held it subject in general to the convenience of humanity.

2. The working class "owned" the wealth of the land and by its sovereign fiat—on whatever day that might happen—merely resumed possession of a valuable asset, which it had never morally alienated; — whereupon the capitalist class had to go to work.

It is not surprising that the "Evening Post" gags at Mr. Root's theory. But how comes Mr. Root, otherwise so keen, not to gag at it himself?

The assertion of Mr. Gompers, made in the high dues symposium in The Painters and Decorators' Journal for February that "A good fund in a trade union not only protects its members at all times, but does so without the necessity for strikes," is flatly contradicted by present conditions and future prospects. Trades unions of all kinds have accepted reductions of wages, decreased working time and idleness all over the country. Wherein has a big fund protected them from these things, and all that they imply? Again Gompers himself, in declaring that labor unions will do well to maintain present conditions, intimates that further reductions and idleness may be expected! Wherein does a big fund—already proven futile—provide for such emergencies? It is plain that Gompers, with his usual brazen mendacity, is duping his followers. True to his function as a labor leader in the interests of the capitalist class, he cultivates the false notion that labor can fight capital with capital, in order that it may not turn to and fight capital with the ballot on class-conscious lines. Possessed of a colossal impudence Gompers labors to keep his masters in the saddle by statements which even his own Federationist makes clear are repudiated by current events and future outlooks. He certainly will fool those who having eyes read not. All others are onto the mountebank!

Already many of the corporations of Baltimore, whose business was destroyed by the fire of two weeks ago, are conducting themselves as of yore. This Phoenix-like activity is an illustration of the great wealth-producing powers of capitalism in this country. Without them the rebuilding of Baltimore's trade, commerce and industry, would be a matter of years, instead of weeks, as at present.

With trades unionism teaching capitalist economics and voting capitalist representatives into political power, Parry's claim that the propaganda of trades unionism is revolutionary, is the veriest bosh. Trades unionism inaugurates no new social or economic principles. It compromises with and conserves all the old ones. Its violent manifestations are but the reflex of their development.

Says a report from Parry's Indianapolis convention:

"One of the most interesting addresses made before the convention was by Geo. H. Donzelmann of Cheyenne, Wyo., who gave an interesting account of how strikes are sometimes put down in the West. At Cheyenne the railroad employes went on strike on refusal to them of the right to dictate terms and conditions of labor, and threatened to tie up transportation. The 457 members of the Cheyenne Citizens' Alliance went home, got their guns and, forming into a company, marched to the railroad yards and commanded that the trains be started. Non-strikers were put on the trains and protection was guaranteed them. The strike was broken in a day."

This address might have proven interesting but it is of no value to the capitalist class. That class is so small numerically that a resort to force on its part all over the country would cause it to be stepped on and crushed out of existence instanter. Depending, as it does, on the force wielded by those whom it hires and deceives into supporting it, the capitalist class must resort to deception and strategy. It cannot fight openly. Woe to it the day it does, for then the working class will find it out and act accordingly!

It is reported that President O'Connell of the International Association of Machinists has sent a circular to the unions in that trade asking them to be prepared to resist a concerted effort by manufacturers to return to the ten-hour system. He also says that outside of New York wages are being cut in all directions.

This is another indication of the conditions that are likely to confront the working class in the near future. Thus far these indications have only pointed to further reductions in wages. This indication makes clear that increased hours are also contemplated. In times of depression, the employers have the upper hand. At all times, they profit at the workers' expense. When will the workers get rid of the system of private ownership by which they do so?

There is a clever and rather amusing sociologist in this city who industriously strives to show that the Golden Age of American labor is in the present and not the past, as is generally supposed. As a means to this end, strikes are cited. The Bureau of Labor Statistics is quoted, for instance, to show that in 1853 and 1854, 15 strikes occurred in this country. The great magnitude of this number is, of course, calculated to render one speechless, and convinced of the writer's argument. But it is nothing compared to the number of strikes to-day. Any State in the Union would be delighted to possess such evidences of hardship and suffering as those 15 strikes represent. In the nineteenth annual report of the Connecticut Bureau of Labor Statistics, just made public, for instance, it is shown that there were 99 labor disturbances in that State in the year ending October 31, 1903. In these troubles 9,217 employes were involved and 270,499 working days were lost. The amount lost in wages is put at $105,673. The difference between 15 and 99 shows to the unprejudiced that the golden age of American labor is certainly in the present. Labor has an abundance—of strikes, wage reductions, and other troubles galore, more so than in 1853 or 1854.

John Phillips, the deceased secretary of the Hatters, was a Brooklyn politician and a member of the National Civic Federation. He believed in the mutual identity of interests between capital and labor. Phillips' belief, and the affiliations it led him into, in nowise helped him in the Hatters' battle with the Knox Co., in his home city. That battle proved beyond doubt that the standpoint of the dead secretary was a wrong one, and that logically his affiliations were also wrong. The interests of capital and labor are antagonistic, economically and politically.

A $1,000 salary, according to Chicago bank officials, is necessary for a clerk to live a married life in that city. From which it is inferred that the workingmen who receive considerably less than that amount, are merely existing. The bankers appear to be about right.

The report that Philippine prosperity is increasing will afford cold comfort to the destitute and starved of this city. Prosperity, like charity, is more appreciated when it begins at home.

With the railroads reducing forces an increase of accidents may be looked for.

THE FAR EAST AND OTHER WARS

For some weeks now attention has been riveted on the war in the Far East. And well it may. That war is a war for the foreign markets on which capitalist nations depend. Without those foreign markets there would be such an excess of manufactured articles as to swamp the structure of capitalism in all the fully developed societies to-day. Hence the feverish anxiety attending the manoeuvres, battles, victories and defeats in the Russo-Japanese war. But there is another war that is also engaging attention. It is connected with the Far East war, in that it forces the struggle for foreign markets. This war is not of the last few weeks, but of the last few decades. It is a war that is not of nations, but of classes—the war between capital and labor—between the exploiters and the exploited.

This war of the classes—of the capitalist vs. the workers—is growing in intensity with each succeeding year. It is fought in the shop, the mine, on the street, in the club, the police station, the courts, the halls of legislation, and the executive chambers. The clergy preach, and the press lies, about it. It is everywhere; including in its combatants all grades of the classes involved, not even omitting children. The conditions from which this class war arises, the hostility which it produces and the results it achieves, either for or against the interests involved, have caused the questions growing out of it to become the paramount questions of modern American society. A review of the events of the week beginning with Washington's birthday, will make these statements clear.

The first event of importance is the convention of the Manufacturers' Association at Indianapolis, Ind., on Washington's Birthday. This convention, representing 5,000 manufacturers, headed by David M. Parry, cheered speeches favoring the forcible repression of strikes, and declared for the absolute dominance of the employing class. This convention emphasized the lines of cleavage between the capitalist and the working classes in no uncertain manner.

The second event is the fight before the Congressional committee on the bill making eight hours the limit of the working day on Government contracts. This bill is meeting with the vigorous opposition of the representatives of the manufacturing interests involved.

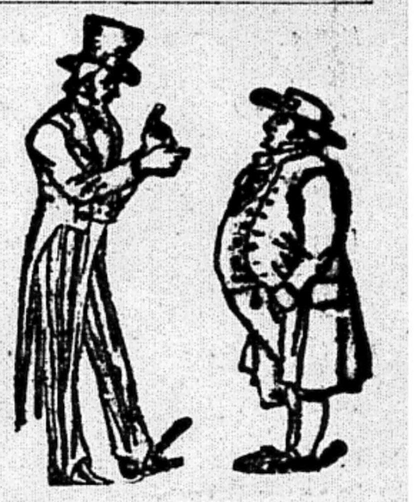
The third event is of the same nature as the second. It concerns the hearing on the anti-injunction bill, a measure that would exempt labor organizations from being enjoined from striking on the grounds of conspiracy. The same interests are here again lined up in opposition.

The fourth event is compromised in the series of preparations attending the approaching mine workers' convention at Indianapolis, Ind. This convention will, in all probability, declare for a strike against a 15 per cent. wage reduction. Should a strike be declared its scene of action will embrace four of the leading States of the middle West. Its actors will include the executive, judicial and military officers of the territory involved, together with the soft coal operators, on one hand, and hundreds of thousands of miners, and their wives and children, on the other.

The fifth event deals with the prospective strike of 25,000 men in Chicago this month. This strike, which seems to be a certainty, will be an extension of the industrial troubles now existing in the metropolis of the West.

These five events, each of which reflects within its brief recital, turbulent and antagonistic conditions destructive of both peace and life alike, are the most conspicuous ones in the class war now raging. There are hundreds of others on a smaller scale, but no less significant, like the strike of the 150 unorganized men at Parry's establishment, for instance; a strike which shows that the conflict between capital and labor is not a matter of tyrannical unionism, as Parry contends; or like the imprisonment of the five officers and members of the Franklin Pressmen's Union of Chicago for violating a picketing injunction, a step which illustrates the desperate straits to which labor is reduced in the class struggle—there are hundreds of other events, we repeat, but these five leading ones will suffice to demonstrate that the war at home is being pursued as relentlessly as the war in the Far East.

Though the war in the Far East is an important one, it should not be permitted to absorb working class attention. Foreign wars and class wars both spring from the capitalist exploitation of labor. The capitalists rob labor in the shop of the difference between its wages and the value of its product. This renders labor unable to buy back what it has produced. This creates "over-production," which makes foreign markets and wars inevitable. It, at the same time, creates a struggle between capital and labor, each of which strives for ever greater profits, or ever increasing wages. It follows that since both foreign wars and class wars both spring from the capitalist exploitation of labor, the only remedy is to end that exploitation. With this gone, the Far East and other wars will also be gone. To the ending of the capitalist exploitation of labor, then, should the working class confine the greater part of its attention. **The condition of the times, at home and abroad, demands it.**



UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Brother Jonathan.—Listen, you Socialists are wont to call all capitalists parasites upon labor?

Uncle Sam.—We are.

B. J.—You are wrong, dead wrong.

U. S.—Why so?

B. J.—Do not the capitalists take their risks? For instance, I know a capitalist, the larger part of whose workmen are not able to produce what is generally expected of them. Moreover, his capital is not large enough to fight the union of his employes, whereas the other capitalists in his trade can fight it successfully, having more money at their disposal. His workmen will work shorter hours, and their average output is below that of the entire trade. Is not he in danger of losing his invested capital? How can you call him a parasite?

U. S.—Yes. In the first place, thieves and desperadoes also run "risks." Will you say that, therefore, they are not parasites?

B. J.—If you can knock me out in the "second place" as completely as you knocked me out with your "in the first place—"

U. S.—There wouldn't be left a grease spot of your theory, eh?

B. J.—None.

U. S.—So here goes "in the second place." In the second place, thieves and desperadoes inflict less harm upon society than your capitalist, though the consequences of the manipulations of the latter are by far the worst.

B. J.—There you are wrong.

U. S.—Let's see. His capital is small, and, therefore, let us suppose he saved it of his former earnings. He invested his capital with the intention of making a profit thereon, by employing men to do the work for him. He must in order to compete sucessfully, cut off from the products of their labor as much as he possibly can. He goes into the market for labor as he goes for machinery, which, in turn, is nothing else but crystalized human labor power. The market price of both is determined by the law of supply and demand. The workingman, unlike the capitalist, expects and gets pay only for what he produces; the capitalist is constantly engaged in killing him, by paying starvation wages, cutting off as much of surplus value as circumstances will permit. Do you believe that Shakespeare's Shylock was right when he said: "Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that: you take my house when you do take the props that doth sustain my house; you take my life, when you do take the means whereby I live."

B. J.—He was right.

U. S.—And was Shylock the less a "Shylock" because he was right in these facts?

B. J. (begins to look as if he was losing ground)—No, he was and remained a "Shylock."

U. S.—Now, then, to the extent that the capitalist cuts off the means whereby his workmen live, he cuts off their lives. It is a thousand times more cruel to take a man's life gradually, by way of starvation, than it is to kill him outright. A thief will rob you once or twice in your life; a murderer can take your life but once; the capitalist robs and starves his employes and their families as long as they remain wage slaves; death is the only salvation for the poor, miserable wretches.

B. J. looks meditative.

U. S.—Knocked out again or not.

B. J.—Yes, knocked out clean. Henceforth I shall work for the party of the "Uplifted Arm and Hammer," its principles are sound as an apple.

U. S.—And there are no flies on it, either.

mb

A Chicago despatch, dated Feb. 26, states that "an appeal to mothers has been issued by Dick Wrenn, the sixteen-year-old president of the Messenger Boys Union. Girls are being used to break a strike of boys in a Western Union office, and the youthful leader has attempted in his appeal to show to parents the dangers confronting girls who carry messages.

"'Mothers,' he says in his appeal, 'if you want to ruin your daughters make messengers out of them. Messengers are compelled to go into all sorts of places. Even the most respectable may be dangerous to a girl. Men think they can say anything to a little girl that is carrying messages. Besides placing your girls in a dangerous position by letting them take our jobs, they are being used to defeat us. We are only fighting for just principles. Messenger boys' life is a hard one—too hard for a girl.'"

Things have reached a pretty pass when the voice of striplings must be raised in behalf of morality. When even the young must protest against the degenerating tendencies of capitalism, it is time the men awoke.

CORRESPONDENCE

[CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS, BESIDE THEIR OWN SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NONE OTHER WILL BE RECOGNIZED.]

THE READING, PA., SPRING ELECTION.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—The spring election here has come and gone, and Jas. H. Maurer, "Socialist" party candidate for select council, 13th ward, has been defeated, notwithstanding his truckling to the small property-holding class, as you will perceive by the following exact quotation from a handbill, six by nine inches, that bore a likeness of him on the one side, under the title: "Workingmen, Vote the Socialist Ticket!":

"To the voters of the Thirteenth Ward. Gentlemen: On Tuesday, February 16th, you will again be called upon to decide who shall represent the Thirteenth Ward in Select Council. Shall it be the champion of the Traction, P. & R., Brick and Asphalt trust, or a champion of the people?

"Some reasons why Witman and Parker should not be returned to Council.

"Is it honor that impels Witman and Parker to spend so much money to go back to Council, or is it graft? Is it safe to return a man to Council who, as a Councilman, secured passes for himself and friends from the P. & R.? Can a man represent a corporation and the people at the same time? Why does the Traction Company interfere in Thirteenth Ward politics by instructing its employes to support Witman and Parker at the primaries? Who voted against granting the Reading & Southwestern some of our streets at $5,000 a square, and a few weeks later voted to give them to the Traction Company for nothing? A man who rides on a pass is either a part owner or is owned by the company which furnishes the pass. Is a man fit to represent us in Council who voted away thousands of dollars of the people's money for brick paving with a six months' guarantee? The condition of our paved streets is proof that we got a third-class job for a first-class price. Our city has paid thousands of dollars for Nicolls street damages, due to our Cuncilmen neglecting to provide proper drainage to the inlets of our storm sewers. The above are but a few of the reasons making it necessary to raise the property valuation and the mill rate. Why not stop this stupid missrule of monopolistic champions by electing the champion of the people to represent us in Select Council, who is pledged to defend the rights of the people of the Thirteenth Ward against the grasping monopolies?"

According to the Reading "Eagle" of February 13, Jas. H. Maurer, in addressing a "Socialist" party mass meeting, praised the private characters of his opponents—Witman and Parker—who are condemned in the above quotation from his campaign handbill.

At that same meeting he referred to the postal system as being socialized. No wonder then that our fellow-wage slaves say to us: "You Socialists want to bring corruption into all the walks of life," when men who style themselves as Socialists point to the postal system as an example of Socialism.

In another handbill of the "Socialist" party we find the following:

"Our system of taxation is notoriously unfair, the small property holder paying taxes on nearly or quite the full value of his holdings, while those holding property whose value runs into such figures as [illegible], $40,000, and $50,000 pay taxes on a valuation of one-fourth of what their holdings are worth."

Last November the "Socialists" debated the question as to whether or not the tax question concerned the wage slave, and decided it did not. And yet when we find them in a campaign, the tax question seems to be uppermost in their minds.

Then, too, they are the people that tell us "your S. L. P. is too intolerant." Yes, and we know why. Because we allow no middle-class politics in our'n.

Silas Hinkel.

Reading, Pa., Feb. 21.

WHAT THE WEST IS ENJOYING.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—A few words on local conditions. We in the West are enjoying prosperity, according to the capitalist papers; according to our own papers, we are enjoying an empty dinner pail (Qui a raison?) This is a question the wage slaves out here have got to solve pretty soon, or they will find out who is right, we or our oppressors.

Wages are tumbling right and left. Wages in the sawmills have been cut 10 per cent. In the shingle industry there is a strike now going on in this State against a 10 per cent. reduction in wages. The logging industry is practically at a standstill. Wages have been reduced, and it has just been announced that logging operations will not commence until the price for logs paid to loggers reaches their demand. The devil only knows when that will be. The railroad shops are working on an eight-hour basis, and the P. S. Dry Dock Company, employing heretofore a large number of skilled mechanics, has three moulders at present; formerly nineteen. All other shops in proportion.

I have never seen so many idle men in Tacoma as at present. Every night holdups and robberies are reported in the main part of the city. Last week I was in Seattle to look over labor conditions. Ye gods! The slave markets were packed with men, and the sidewalks were blocked with men watching with anxious faces whenever a "Wanted a Man" sign was placed on the board. This is but a forerunner of what is coming.

By the way, I forgot to mention the condition the 'longshoremen are in since the new year started in. Instead of receiving 60 cents per hour overtime, as formerly, it is now 50 cents per hour on pretty nearly all kinds of work. The lumber handlers work nine hours per day; 60 cents per hour overtime. The 'longshoremen for 50 cents per hour overtime, both handling lumber. Result: 'Longshoremen, working for 50 cents per hour overtime, scab on the lumber handlers.

To sum up the situation here, hell (capitalism) reigns supreme. To the man who can think a little, the statement of Hanna that there are two jobs to every man, would stamp him as an ass; an insane statement from a prostituted brain, causing more harm than good to uphold this system. Fraternally,

W. A. Herron.

Tacoma, Wash., Feb. 15, 1904.

A LABOR ALDERMANIC SCANDAL.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—The capitalist press in Canada does not in any way take a back seat to the mouthpieces of capitalism in any other country, and is just as great an adept as any in inculcating the virtues of commercialism, morality and patriotic sentiment when the occasion requires.

The singers of the praises of capitalism in Toronto, and the press in this city practically represents the tenor of the rest of the papers in Canada, are never happier than when Uncle Sam has some municipal or national scandal on his hands. It is then that they moralize, cast their eyes heavenward and thank God that Canada, with her high standard of public men, does not suffer from such maladies; but Toronto, the good, has at the present time troubles of her own in the way of civic scandal. The singers are shocked, but they have declared that justice must be done; that large and small must suffer, so that there may be no more unclean elections. Well, if this procedure ensures clean elections, they should have it patented.

The scandal is interesting so far, for the admirable simplicity with which an Alderman, who was the nominee of the trade unions, and an "excellent friend of labor," confessed that he had stuffed the voters' lists, and didn't see anything wrong in it. This man—Woods is his name—at one time ran a small printing office, but since entering municipal life he has dropped it, and seems to depend on the salary of his office; but as this is small, there must be a gold mine somewhere. He is a good friend with the labor leaders, and, as they made an earnest plea in their paper, "The Toiler," for a clean election on the part of labor, sackcloth and ashes must now be the fashion with them.

Another nominee and "friend of labor," Alderman Ward, feels that he has enough strength behind him to aspire for higher honors, and he desires to be nominated for Parliament, and probably he dreams beyond that of a complete cushioned chair and a fat salary, and the class struggle far in the rear. Who knows?

"The Toronto Telegram" has notified the Governor-General of Canada that he had better come to a full stop in the matter of entertaining American plutocrats. Mr. Morgan has been a guest at Rideau Hall, the vice-regal residence, and the "Telegram," in its garb of British patriotism, objects to royalty hobnobbing with dollars and cents. There surely is nothing wrong in a large and small member of the Order of Robber Barons comparing notes. I fancy the "Telegram" holds Steel Trust ordinary shares.

Fraternally, James Reid,

Toronto, Can., Feb. 16.

THE RADICAL BOURGEOISIE.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—It falls under my observation that at this stage of our development there is a danger lurking in the folds of the S. L. P. that we have to beware of. I refer to the small middle class, or, more properly speaking, the Radical Bourgeosie.

The small middle class see the trust crushing them, and feel about for some relief. They search and search in vain within the old political parties. Once in a while some of the more honest and conscientious of them drop into the movement of the working class, the S. L. P., believing there is no hope elsewhere. What is the effect? They start in to model the S. L. P. after their own conceptions. Only able to see through the bourgeoisie eye, they produce an endless confusion of thought, while little or no practical work is done toward uplifting the working class.

In reading Morgan's Ancient Society, and other references to his life and experiences, I have been impressed with the fact that he could not understand the Indian until he himself became one. Morgan thereupon joined the Iroquois tribes, and was elected a member of the Senecas, and lived among them for some years; in fact, he became part and parcel of them, i. e., an Indian. He could then study Indian life through the eyes of an Indian, and explain that the Indian was passing through certain stages of historic development, the same as our own, the white race, had previously gone through a long and painfully slow process. The way for the bourgeoisie to understand the working class is to be a worker, but no! it is impossible for them to give up their labor-skinning processes.

Still they know they are doomed. They see the trust crushing them, and they turn to the working class under the petticoats of Bryan, Hearst, et al., to "smash the trust," and what not!

As I previously said, one of them drops into the working class movement, viz., the Socialist Labor Party. Try as hard as they may, they cannot become a worker. (By a worker, I mean one who is compelled to sell his labor power in the labor market at its market price in order to escape starvation.) They cannot understand the working class and its process of development. Everything they see, everything they know, is "Dollars! dollars!! dollars!!!"

It is next to impossible for the bourgeoisie to look on a man as anything but merchandise. They have no conception of man as a human being outside of themselves. The bourgeoisie are hogs. The writer has never met one of them whom we conscientiously consider an honest man. Their every investment shapes their character, and when they come into our movement, they come where they do not belong. Their business training makes them energetic. They can plod and scheme. They are shrewd thinkers, and unless we jealously guard the class character of our movement they will completely dominate it.

To tolerate among our ranks one whose economic interest is a denial of the philosophy of our movement, it is a compromise with the enemy. That which we associate with we become part of, whether we know it or not.

The S. T. & L. A. is correct; none but wage workers are eligible for membership in it. Karl Marx is correct. "The emancipation of the working class must be the work of the working class itself."

The bourgeoisie in our movement always reason from a false basis, and is, consequently, continuously at variance with our members. L. A. Boland.

Troy, N. Y., Feb. 24.

LABOR IN ARKANSAS.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Arkansas is not free from labor troubles. We have wage reductions and labor displacing out here, too.

About a month ago, the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf Railroad, now the Rock Island system, cut the wages of the section or track men, from $1.25 to $1.15 a day. Nearly all of them quit their jobs, as a result. The road is in a bad condition, and cars very often jump the track.

Last week this same company did something worse. It laid off all the large gangs on the road, such as stone crushers, and put State convicts in their places.

This State is flooded with men who come here from the colder Northern States. I have talked with a number of these homeless wage slaves, or alleged tramps, and find that their only desire and hope is to get a job, and to work until the weather gets warm and pleasant, when they will wander back North and endeavor to secure employment there again. H. J.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 20.

PRAISES THE SUNDAY PEOPLE.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—I have repeatedly intended to write to you, trying to express my sentiments for the estimable Sunday People.

I find so many valuable articles in it that I could not do without it. I found in the last issue an article under the heading, "The Finsen Light Treatment," an article which I found highly interesting, the more so since I have been seeking for the word lupus erythematosis in various English and German dictionaries, although this word cannot be found in them.

Kindly receive these lines in admiration of the Sunday People.

Very respectfully,

Mrs. M. Scheers.

New York City, Feb. 23.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—As to "The International Socialist Congress," I wish to say that along general lines two questions can only be considered: (1) If we do not send delegate, do we then encourage the continuation of capitalist exploitation, or (2), if we do send one, do we then encourage it? To illustrate my position, I use the following; and experience in that direction may throw the necessary light for proper investigation and consideration of the present situation. When all politics showed themselves as controlled by capitalist interests; when it became an open secret that these same interests passed laws giving the exploiters all of the privileges desired—placing the wage-workers at their mercy to be shot down by government troops, if other armed forces were not sufficient to cope with the situation,—then, some wage-workers, and even regular organizations of them, declared their despair of ever being able to remedy these evils by governmental action, because, said they, "the government, politics' is rotten to the core." They saw only one chance to counteract the evils complained of, and that was, to resist by force of arms the force of the other side.

This idea caused organization for forcible action against the capitalist government. We all know, if we are at all acquainted with labor history, what happened to that movement, and we know, too, that it was the S. L. P. which claimed that the interests of the wake-workers could be forwarded, nevertheless, by participation in government, in politics. It claimed that when it endorsed and encouraged political action, it was not supporting the deeds and principles of the capitalist usurpers and exploiters because it entered politics for the purpose of revolutionizing that government, and to accomplish that purpose, it claimed to wish to enter into control of the government as a political party representing the wage-working class.

With the downfall of the movement for organized armed resistance, not only was that idea knocked out—at least as originally advanced—but because of the sincerity of some of those participating in that movement, and on account of the bluffing of others, capitalist politicians, as well as many of the capitalist class, had become, to a certain extent,, panic stricken, and the action for self preservation of these people—the bluffers aided them—instituted a sort of reign of terror—which even cropped to the surface again after McKinley was shot—and caused the isolation, as opposed to politics and labor organization—of many timid but otherwise undoubtedly well intentioned wage-workers. Hence, inactivity, timidity, and disruption, so far as the labor movement was concerned, was the final result of this "determined" attempt to resist and oppose capitalism. Had this inactivity been real and had it really spread to the whole working-class, capitalism, too, would have been paralyzed, but the facts were that while the labor movement as such was demoralized and disintegrating, the capitalist class politicians recruited and utilized in organized form for capitalism the very men who were unorganized for action for their own class interests.

There can be absolutely no difference in the effects resulting from our isolation from the International Socialist movement. The argument that we should abstain from national politics because the present government is rotten, is just as logical, and why not argue consistently? The only good that can come from a rash act is that it will enable me, if I should wish to do so, at some future date, to point back to my present warning and say: "I told you so and so." There is little satisfaction in that thought.

Now, then, are the interests of the side that is not represented at the congress, more opposed to the continuation of capitalist exploitation, or are they more willing to allow to us not only to argue our case, but, also, to cast our vote, as are the interests, or as is the side, that are represented at that "International Socialist Congress"? And if not, we will find that if we refuse to participate on the one side, the other side will use us after the manner the capitalist interests utilized the "anti-politics advocates" for its immediate demands and aspirations.

I say, let us attend congress, but with well defined purposes, and let us then use our voice and our vote for our own purposes—or until they refuse to listen any longer to us. They can refuse to seat us and then we have them nailed. This will enable us to recruit new forces for our fight, even if then, in reality, we may take the lead in the International Socialist movement.

And besides, who guarantees us that it is not the intention of some of the most outspoken and boldest capitalist governments to establish an International Alliance for offensive and defensive action against the "Socialist Labor" movement? Would we not be working right into their hands when we enable them to force to their support the workingmen, who, on account of our withdrawal, have no mutual understanding as to the actual situation confronting them, and of the action necessary to prevent their schemes.

Fraternally,

Detroit, Mich. Meiko Meyer.

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Regular meeting of General Committee Massachusetts S. L. P., held at Boston, Mass., Feb. 14, called to order by the secretary.

In the absence of the chairman, Delegate Englehardt, of Everett, was elected chairman of the session. Roll call showed Young, Greenman, Sweeny, Englehardt, Neilsen and Berry present. Keefe, Dolan and Fitzgerald absent.

Records of the session of Jan. 24 read and approved.

Communications: From Hyde Park, filed. From John Kenny, Lawrence, sending donation for secretary fund, accepted, and communication filed. From Section Lawrence on local situation. Attended to by secretary, and his action endorsed. From Boston, sending $6.50 for secretary fund, accepted, and communication filed. From Max Bowe, Taunton, filed. From Lowell, Boston, Lawrence, Lynn, New Bedford, Fall River, and Cambridge, sending nominations of delegates to National Convention, accepted and filed. From J. O'Fihely, sending $1, for six due stamps. Stamps sent by secretary and letter stating present price of stamps ordered sent to the comrade. From Somerville, stating situation in that city, filed, after the secretary had written Section. From Boston, Cambridge, and Everett, on nomination for treasurer of General Committee, filed. From New Bedford, sending list of names and money, for secretary fund, money accepted, the rest attended to by secretary. From A. Miller, J. Miller, and Thos. Cullen making application as members-at-large. Granted, and secretary's action endorsed in the matter. From Labor News Company, asking for payment of bill of S. E. C. of 1903. Secretary ordered to write them on the matter. From J. F. Jennings, on situation in Dedham. Filed. From Henry Kuhn, asking that Berry go to Milwaukee, Wis., on agitation tour. Granted. From N. E. C., correspondence between sub-committee of and secretary of S. E. C. of 1903, and Labor News Company, together with reply of secretary of S. E. C., accepted, and answer ordered sent to N. E. C. From N. E. C. bill of $3 for 1,000 blank resignations. Ordered paid.

Report of secretary from Jan. 10 to Feb. 14. Accepted and filed.

Report of Agitation Committee of 1903 turning over bill due General Committee. Accepted and turned over to auditors, and 300 copies of report ordered, printed and sent to Sections and contributors.

Section Everett makes the point that inasmuch as the State leaflet of 1903 reached them so late that it was useless to them that they do not feel bound to pay for same, etc., and ask that said debt be cancelled. Request granted.

Comrade Dyer Enger, chairman of Fair Committee Scand-Socialist Club and Mass. S. L. P., gave report of doings of Fair Committee, and asked that the Party members in this State be asked to make this Fair a success.

Secretary reports on the proposed De Leon tour of the State. Report accepted, and the matter tabled. Ordered that the General Committee hold on March 20, at 3 p. m., a lecture on "The Paris Commune of '71, and the Lessons That It Teaches the Working Class of America To-day." Lecture to be held in Pane Memorial Hall, 9 Appleton street, Boston, and Daniel De Leon, of New York, to be the speaker, if he can be secured. If De Leon will not come, project to be abandoned.

Sweeny and Berry elected to attend to getting out tickets, advertising, etc., if De Leon accepts.

Ordered that secretary send out for referendum vote the nominations he now has for treasurer.

Ordered that secretary write the Sections of the State, asking that Sections call upon their members to contribute one dollar each to defray the expenses of delegates to National Convention of the Party, and send report of their doings to the secretary of General Committee.

Ordered that the delegates, when elected, stand instructed to keep a full and correct account of receipts and expenses of convention, and render the same with report of work done at National Convention to this committee.

Ordered that the five delegates receiving the highest number of votes be the delegates to National Convention, the next five highest be the alternate delegates in the order of their vote.

Ordered that secretary aid the Fair Committee in its work in every way possible. Adjourned.

Michael T. Berry,
Secretary General Committee,
Mass. S. L. P.

NEW YORK S. E. C.

A regular meeting of the New York State Executive Committee, S. L. P., was held Saturday evening, Feb. 13, at the Daily People Building, 2-4-6 New Reade street, New York City. Present: Santee, Kuhn, Moren, and Ebert. Absent and excused: Ferguson, Kihn, and Wegener, Chairman A. Moren. In the absence of the secretary, H. A. Santee was elected to act as secretary pro tem.

The reading of the minutes was dispensed with as the book was not at hand.

The financial report for January was read and approved as follows:

Receipts: From stamps, $77.16; from mileage, $19.29. Total, $96.45.

Expenditures: Postage and sundries, $1.07. Balance on hand, $95.38.

The following communications were received, read, and placed on file: Dr. Chas. W. House, of Auburn, and James Trainor, of Syracuse.

Financial reports were received from Sections Monroe County and Rensselaer County. Both were accepted and placed on file.

A communication from Comrade D. Ferguson stating that he had moved to Long Island and tendering his resignation as secretary of the S. E. C., on account of inability to serve was read. Upon motion, resignation was accepted and Comrade J. Ebert elected to act as secretary.

Section Schenectady asked whether or not alternate delegates should also be nominated for the State Convention? In the absence of specific regulations on this subject by the last State Convention, the S. E. C. decided that, since the nominations made will be presented on two lists—one for the up-state and one for the down-state delegations—those eight candidates receiving the highest number of votes on each list be the delegates, and that in case any delegate be unable to attend; such candidates as were not elected be called upon to act in the order of the vote polled by them.

In answer to the question asked by Section Troy as to who defrays the expense of State Delegations to National Convention, it was decided that it must be borne by the State. It was also decided to levy a per capita assessment to be raised by the Sections as they deemed best, when required.

The following Sections have sent in nominations for delegates to the National Convention: Watervliet, Yonkers, Schenectady, Albany, Buffalo, Troy, Rochester, and Richmond Borough.

Harvey A. Santee, Sec. pro tem.

ILLINOIS, S. E. C.

Meeting of the Illinois State Executive Committee held February 14. Yocum elected chairman. Fennell absent without excuse. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Communications from Missouri S. E. C. in regard to the proposed combination. After a short discussion a motion was unanimously carried to drop the matter. From California S. E. C. relative to Pierson's return to Illinois due to a letter from the National Secretary regarding Pierson. Matter was laid over until next meeting to await further information from California and the Organizer's action replying to communications endorsed. From sections Peoria and Springfield reports of members in good standing and officers elected. From E. St. Louis reporting election of officers, members in good standing and the following nominations as delegates to the National Convention: H. Sale, P. Veal, W. Cox, Olive Johnson and G. Renner. From section Belleville nominations as delegates to the National Convention of the following: A. Lingenfelter, Wm. Yocum, Wm. Veal, Wm. Cox and W. Gass. Members-at-large in Peru nominated Gus Surber, P. Veal, W. Cox, W. Gass and W. Yocum.

Comrade Renner's letter that was laid over from last meeting was then taken up, the substance of which here follows:

"We deem it too much to send five delegates to the National Convention, three would be enough. Reasons, in anticipation of the coming election and State Organizer's Fund, the strain upon the few members in the State would be too heavy. The expense for each delegate to the Convention is $25.00 at least to say nothing of the R. R. fare. Five would be $125.00. The expense of a state organizer for seven months at $40. per month means $280.00, besides other local expenses, etc."

The above, a part of comrade Renner's letter was endorsed and it was decided to send but three delegates to the National Convention, though section E. St. Louis contended for the five.

A proposition was submitted by section Madison County and adopted instructing the Organizer to submit same to member ship along with the vote on the convention city. The proposition is to have all matter to be introduced at the National Convention submitted first to the State Convention to endorse it.

Organizer was also instructed to communicate with sections relative to state and local tickets this fall. A motion was carried that since all meetings of the S. E. C. are now being held in E. St. Louis that the S. E. C. pay the car fare of the Belleville and Collinsville committeeman.

Financial Report.

General Fund—Balance on hand, Jan. 24, $13.81. Receipts from members-at-large, $1.44, from section Peoria, $6. Total, $21.25.

Expenses—To N. E. C. for 200 due stamps, $14; Postoffice stamps $1. Total $15. Balance on hand, $6.25.

State Fund — Receipts from section Belleville, $2; from members-at-large in Peru, $3.56. Total $5.56. Deficit Jan. 24, 49 cents. Balance on hand, $5.07.

G. A. Jenning, Rec. Secy.

CONNECTICUT S. E. C.

Connecticut State Executive Committee met at S. L. P. Hall, Hartford, Conn., February 14, at 3 p. m., with Fred Fellermann in the chair.

Roll call showed all present, with the exception of delegate from Kensington.

Minutes of previous meeting were approved as read.

Correspondence: From Chas. Mercer, returning tickets, sending $5 for a block of prepaid sub. blanks and other matters, and A. Marx, of New London, stating his intention of leaving the State, and asking for transfer. From H. Kuhn, sending due stamps and receipt.

Various Sections reported nominations for delegates to National Convention, as follows:

Chas. Mercer, by Moosup, and A. Marx, Meyer Stadel, by Bridgeport; E. Oatley, by Hartford and Rockville.

The following cities were also nominated as place to hold State Convention: New Haven by Hartford, Hartford by Bridgeport and Rockville.

Correspondence, on motion, received and referred to new business.

Chas. Fantone having appeared and presenting credentials as delegate from Section Kensington, a motion prevailed to go back to regulation on admission and obligation of new members. No objection having been raised in regard to credential presented, a motion was carried to seat and obligate the delegate.

State Secretary reported the following subs. sent in for Weekly People contest: John D. Carlson, of New Britain, 9 yearlies; J. Mareck, of New Haven, one-half yearly; E. Oatley, of New Haven, one-half yearly; M. Stodel, of New Haven, 5 half-yearlies; J. Schmith, of New Haven, 4 half-yearlies; J. Larsen, of New Haven, 1 half-yearly; W. Boimahn, of Hartford, 1 half-yearly; H. Huchstedt, 2 half-yearlies; F. Lechner, of Hartford, 4 yearlies, and F. Haag, of Hartford, 5 half-yearlies and 1 yearly.

The committee hopes to hear from other comrades in other places on getting in the contest. Remember, it is the intention of this contest to roll up the Weekly's subs. in this State to a good round number.

Report of Chas. Fantone in regard of visiting Italian Sections received as progress.

Treasurer reports:

On hand Jan. 1	$123.34
Income for January	3.45
Total	$126.79
Expenses	1.12
On hand Feb. 1	$125.77

New business: State Secretary ordered to inquire of nominees for delegates to National Convention if they will accept.

Comrade Chas. Mercer wrote he could not serve, if nominated, for lack of time.

Secretary ordered to communicate with Comrade Chas. Mercer, with a view of having him visit South Norwalk and Stamford.

Reports have come in from Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford and Rockville in regard to one Wm. Connors having visited there and obtaining money from different comrades under various pretenses. The comrades at large are once more warned against this grafter.

There being no other business, meeting adjourned. E. Sherman,
Rec. Sec.

ST. LOUIS, ATTENTION!

Section St. Louis will hold regular agitation meetings at:

Russell Hall, southwest corner Broadway and Russell avenue, every fourth Sunday in the month, at 2.30 p. m.

Benton Hall, southeast corner of Fourteenth and Benton streets, every first Sunday in the month, at 2.30 p. m.

Readers of The People are urgently requested to attend these meetings and to bring your friends.

John J. Ernst, Organizer.

COLUMBUS LABOR LYCEUM.

Readers of The People in Columbus, O., will please take notice of a series of meetings that are being held at Odd Fellows' Temple, 108 1-2 South High street, every Sunday, at 2.30, standard time.

Admission is free. A collection is taken to meet expenses of hall rent. Ladies are invited.

LETTER-BOX

OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A BONA FIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.]

D. G., RACINE, WIS.—You can be readily obliged with an "aye" or "nay" answer—nay. Mayor Born of Sheboygan cannot be admitted in the Socialist Labor Party; the S. L. P. will not condone and thereby make itself a party to the black crime of breach of trust. The Socialist organizations may honestly differ in tactics; and each may think the other tactics damnable; the two may lambaste each other ferociously; and they are are free to be justified to accepting the converts they make from each other;—all that is legitimate. But common, decency, aye, wisdom, condemns the acceptance by the one of a member guilty of breach of trust in the other. Mayor Born is guilty of that felony, in that, after being elected on the Social Democratic ticket, he repudiates his party obligations.

W. H., CHICAGO, ILL.—1. No workingman should bind himself by contract to an employer. Such contracts are one-sided. They bind the workingman only; they do not bind the employer. He can break the contract and the workingman is too poor to sue, and if he does, ten to one he will lose. 2. As far as we know of, the Anarchists are against all trades unions.

P. B., NEW YORK—We explain how it can be? That would be trespassing upon Dr. Halpern's domain. It is for him to explain. We made a certain statement—if wrong, the duty lies on him to disprove it, by producing his citizen papers. We would then stand corrected and state the source of our information, together with same interesting details therewith connected; if right, let him explain. No talky-talky, or "somebody says" will do. The citizen's papers!

A. G. A., SALT LAKE CITY.—You are substantially right in your two main points. 1. "Harmless castaways" should not be heeded. For that reason The People has paid no attention to the castaway who fell by the wayside. But correspondents cannot always be suppressed. And what they say in such cases is not necessarily worthless, especially not if the castaway goes about boasting of his "40 years of uninterrupted battling for clean Socialism." A correspondent, before whose eyes or on whose ears such false claims are advanced, may be excused for taking up the castaway with his pitchfork. 2. Very queer stalwarts must those be who knew of such odd facts about a man, and yet tolerated him in the S. L. P. Right you are. But there are no such "stalwarts" left in the party. They have one by one gone where they belong.

R. K., CLEVELAND, O.—Letter carefully considered and proper departments notified.

T., NEW YORK.—Some Russian papers have come in.

C. R. H., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Are you quoting from an English translation of Marx's third volume or from a German. Cannot find the passage on the page you give as "in the third volume."

J. G. S., MARYSVILLE, WASH.—A is right. Societies, whether secret or otherwise, that exclude members on the score of race or physical strength cannot be considered exemplars of universal brotherhood.

D. T., NEW ORLEANS, LA.; S. O. V., NEW YORK; D. H. NEW YORK; B. B. R., CHICAGO, ILL.; T. R. S., ST. LOUIS, MO.; D. P., BOSTON, MASS.; M. T. B., LYNN, MASS.—Letters received.

OFFICIAL

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Henry Kuhn, Secretary, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.
SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF CANADA—National Secretary, C. A. Weitzel, 256½ Dundas street, London, Ont.
NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, 2-6 New Reade street, New York City. (The Party's literary agency.)
Notice—For technical reasons no Party announcements can go in that are not in this office by Tuesdays, 10 p. m.

CANADIAN N. E. C.

Headquarters, 256½ Dundas street, London, Ont., February 19, 1904.

Regular meeting of N. E. C., Comrade Maxwell in the chair; absent, I. P. Courtenay and J. Pierce, the former without excuse.

Communication from Section Toronto, giving list of newly elected Section officers and names of nineteen members in good standing. The communication stated further, in answer to inquiry, that a sum of $7 was held in trust, having been sent there last June by R. Burns, in the name of the late Section Hamilton. This sum of $7 appears to be part of a sum of $10 which late Section Hamilton attempted to raise in 1902 as a Christmas box for The People.

In the consideration of this matter the discussion tended to point out the detrimental consequences following such loose and dilatory methods on the part of Sections and Comrades of the S. L. P. Misunderstanding and confusion is sure to result, as it has in this instance, from lack of candor and the exercise of necessary confidence in open and truthful methods rather than in questionable diplomacy. It was pointed out that the ground upon which the movement must stand and expect success must, as stated by Marx, be that "All members shall recognize that Truth, Morality, Justice be the basis of their conduct toward each other and toward all men, etc."; ever remembering that diplomacy is not and never will be a proletarian method, from which good results may be expected.

The National Secretary was instructed to obtain the $7 and at once forward same to The People, in accordance with the intention and purpose of those who subscribed.

The National Secretary reported that requests had been forwarded to all Sections to send in their semi-annual reports. It was further reported that in future all mail matter for the N. E. C. of Canada be addressed Post Office Box 280, London, Ont., as this box has been secured for that purpose. All Sections and others please note this change of address.

Comrades Bryce and Forbes were appointed a committee to act jointly with Section London in securing new quarters for the property of the N. E. C., as the occupancy of the present quarters terminated at the end of this month.

J. ROSS, Recording Secretary Pro Tem.

ATTENTION, N. J. S. L. P.!

The following comrades have been nominated as delegates to the National Convention, S. L. P., every member to vote on two:

William Walker, Geo. P. Herrschaft, Julius Eck, John Hossack, A. J. Boland, Michael McGarry and Richard Berdan.

Result to be sent to Secretary of N. J. S. E. C. not later than April 10, 1904.

The following nominations have been received as candidates for officers to the S. E. C.: Secretary, John Hossack; Financial Secretary, August Schroeder; Treasurer, William Thuemmel.

Hudson County candidates for delegate to S. E. C.: Julius Eck and August L. Fricke, one to be voted for by members in Hudson County.

Geo. P. Herrschaft,
Secretary S. E. C.

WEST HOBOKEN NOMINATIONS.

The following nominations of candidates for the spring election have been made by the S. L. P. in West Hoboken, N. J.: Councilman, First Ward, A. L. Fricke; Councilman, Second Ward, E. A. Silberberg; Councilman, Third Ward, Ernest Xiazzone; Member of Board of Education, Second Ward, Edward J. Gallo.

S. L. P. LECTURES IN BUFFALO.

To give those who are interested in the Socialist Labor movement an opportunity to learn more about its principles than can be explained during the discussions in the Labor Lyceum, Section Buffalo has arranged for a parallel series of lectures to be delivered by members of the S. L. P. only. These lectures are held every Friday at 8:15 p. m. sharp, at Louis Kries' Hall, 232 William street, near Walnut street (two flights up). General discussion follows each lecture. Every man and woman is invited. Admission is free to all.

March 4—"Political and Economic Position of the Working Class," by Leander A. Armstrong.

March 11—"The Obsolete and Modern Trades Unionism," by Orcus A. Curtis.

BUFFALO LABOR LYCEUM.

A series of public lectures is now being held every Sunday at 3:15 p. m., under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum, in Florence Parlors, 527 Main, near Genesee street. Admission free to all.

March 6—Ex Assemblyman, Charles W. Hinson, on "Politics."

SAN FRANCISCO'S OFFICERS.

Section San Francisco has elected the following officers: Organizer, J. A. Stromquist; recording secretary, Chas. Verscheta; financial secretary, O. M. Bernthorp; treasurer, Fred. Sibert. Party organizer and literary agent, A. R. Cederblom. Committee on Agitation, Grievances and Auditing were also elected.

The Section's new headquarters and reading-room are at 610 Montgomery street, and all comrades coming this way are requested to call. Organizer.

D. A. 4, S. T. & L. A.

Meeting called to order by F. C. Burgholz, Secretary, at 78 Springfield avenue, Newark, N. J., February 21, A. J. Boland in chair. Officers all present.

L. A. 397 was represented by S. Schussheim; L. A. 405, by Jos. Geddes, F. C. Burgholz and H. Hartung; L. A. 400, absent; L. A. 257, Boland; S. L. P., F. Tierer.

Minutes of previous meeting were adopted as read.

Organizer reported on special meeting of L. A. 257 in Hoboken, prospects of holding lectures in Hudson County and of agitation in "The Railroad Brotherhood Journal."

Financial report was read.

Quarterly report from L. A. 397 was received. Ordered filed and copy to be sent to G. E. B.

Bill for rent of hall for convention, from Essex County Socialist Club, $4.50, was ordered paid as soon as possible.

Agitation Committee reports getting in touch with Elizabeth, N. J., and there being four S. L. P. members willing to join S. T. & L. A.; also that a mass meeting was arranged for February 28, at Steinfeld's Hall, 107 Broome street, Newark, N. J.

Agitation Committee was instructed to get in touch with S. L. P. Organizer of Paterson, N. J., regarding organization in that city; also to arrange for a mass meeting in Bayonne, March 6.

Organizer was instructed to send a copy of "Telegraphers' Journal" to G. E. B.

The following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas, A notice having been sent out by one of the Railroad Brotherhoods, to refrain from officially discussing Socialism in their official journal; therefore be it

"Resolved, That D. A. 4 ask the G. E. B. to send a copy of The Monthly People to their members."

Frank C. Burgholz,
Recording Secretary.

DETROIT, MICH., AGITATION MEETINGS.

Section Detroit, Mich., will hold agitation meetings at Minnebach's Hall, 273 Gratiot avenue, on the following Sunday afternoons, at 2:30 p. m., and extends an invitation to all to attend. Free discussion, open to all. The subjects and lectures are:

March 6—A Fair Day's Pay for a Fair Day's Work. Shall the Old Slogan be Buried?—George Hassler.

'FRISCO S. L. P HEADQUARTERS.

Section San Francisco's headquaters and free reading rooms, located at 610 Montgomery street (between Clay and Washington streets), third floor, room 23, are open every day in the year from 8 a. m. until 9.30 p. m.

Section business meetings every Monday night at 8 o'clock. Comrades and sympathizers are requested to call.

All wageworkers are welcome.

CONNOLLY IN ALBANY.

James Connolly, of Troy, will deliver an address on "The Unfulfilled Mission of the Trades Unions," at a special meeting of Section Albany, S. L. P., to be held in Engineers' Hall, 41 Hudson avenue, Albany, N. Y., on Sunday, March 6, at 3 p. m.

Readers of The People and their friends are invited to attend.

Jas. Corcoran, Organizer.

THE WEAVERS' STRIKE.

The members of North Vassalboro Woolen Weavers' Union, L. A. 392, Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, are on strike in the mills of the American Woolen Company at North Vassalboro, Maine. The strike was brought on by the tactics of a slave-driving boss, who not only reduced wages and piled on annoying rules and restrictions, but tried to drive the organized weavers out of business by discharging and blacklisting the active members of L. A. 392.

The weavers are determined to fight it out, and L. A. 392 appeals to all members of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance and all others in sympathy with their struggle for better conditions, to render whatever financial assistance they possibly can in order that the battle may be fought to a successful finish. All money donated will be acknowledged in The Daily and Weekly People. Send contributions to John J. Kinneally, Gen. Sec., S. T. & L. A., 2-6 New Reade street, New York, or Sam J. French, care of Daily People, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

Amos E. Handy,
Rec. Sec. L. A. 392, S. T. L. A.,
North Vassalboro, Maine.

The above appeal having been heartily endorsed by the General Executive Board, all members and sympathizers are urged to contribute as liberally as possible.

J. J. Kinneally Gen. Sec.

The following amounts have been received to date:

J. K., New York	$2.35
N. Zolinsky, New York	25
G. Popper	25
J. E. Dietrich	25
P. Twomey	50
J. J. Plomondon	1.00
C. S.	05
H. B. Friedman	10
J. Pauli	25
J. J. Kinneally	50
A. C. Bartels	50
Collected by James Keeley, member-at-large of S. L. P., Springfield, Vt.:	
James Keeley	1.25
Union Man	1.00
C. Hageson	50
C. Crosby	50
J. Crosby	25
B. Whitcom	25
A. Bloxon	25
Total to date	$10.00

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT NOTES

Two hundred and twenty-three subscriptions to The Weekly People were received during the week ending Saturday, February 27. Through a typographical February 27.

This is an increase over the previous week. This increase is not as big as it should be. Only a few months remain before the Presidential campaign will be around. Now is the time for all to push the circulation of The Weekly People, so that it may prove effective then. Every comrade should devote some time now towards building up a large circulation. Many of those who begin reading S. L. P. literature now will be fighters in our ranks next summer. To build up our organization, we must break in raw material. The best way to win a workingman over to our cause is to have The Weekly People go to his house once every week. Each week it will become more clear to him that our interests are his interests. Then he should be visited and brought into the organization.

Sections Paterson, N. J., Newport News, Va., and the Thirty-fifth A. D., New York, each take $5 worth of prepaid cards. Section Belleville, Ill., takes $4 worth.

Comrade E. Barstow, of Detroit, Mich., in sending in ten subs. for The Weekly, writes as follows: "My subscription to The Daily expiring next month, I have decided to take The Weekly instead, and to use the balance of the money to increase the circulation of the same, by having the paper sent to the enclosed names and addresses, they being men of my acquaintance in the workshop, thus introducing to them the most hopeful and inspiring labor paper I have ever read."

Comrade Wiltse, of Toronto, Ont., sends in ten Weeklies and six Monthlies, and writes that he is going to canvass for more. There should be an energetic canvasser in every Section town in Canada, in addition to volunteer work that is done by comrades. There is a good field in the large Canadian cities for canvassers.

Five or more subs. were secured as follows: R. Goodwin, Los Angeles, Cal., 21; Thirty-fourth A. D., New York, 19; F. J. Keenan, New York, 6; R. H. Skeggs, Grand Junction, Colo., 5; F. Leitner, San Antonio, Tex., 5; Henry Jonischkie, Little Rock, Ark., 5; G. A. Jenning, E. St. Louis, Ill., 5.

LABOR NEWS NOTES.

We are now ready to deliver Bebel's "Woman Under Socialism." Comrades throughout the country, aid in getting the book into public libraries and the hands of women clubs, or other organizations interested in the Woman Question. Circulars will be sent to each Section. Comrades will confer a favor by sending in the names of those whom they think will purchase a book. The success of other publications of the Labor News, now in contemplation, will depend largely upon the sale of "Woman Under Socialism." The small edition of 2,500 should be sold rapidly.

SECTION BOSTON'S LECTURES.

Sunday, March 7—"The Speeches of President Elliott and Frank K. Foster on Labor Analyzed." Speaker, W. H. Carroll.

Sunday, March 14—"Organization." Speaker, Jas. A. Bresnahan.

The above lectures are held in Party Headquarters, at 1165 Tremont street, Sundays, at 8 p. m. Comrades and sympathizers are requested to attend. Questions allowed and discussion invited.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., LECTURES.

Section East St. Louis will hold agitation meetings every Sunday at 2.30 p. m., at Launtz Hall, Fifth and Missouri avenue.

Sunday, March 6—"The Working Class." Philip Veal.

NOTICE!

Party organizations and sub-divisions, as well as all others having any communications intended for Section Lynn, S. L. P., kindly send the same to me.

Edward J. Tebo, Organizer.
7 High street, Lynn, Mass.

S. L. P. SUPPLIES.

Due cards, per 100	$ .40
Application cards, per 100	.40
Constitutions, per 100	.70
Platforms, per 1000 (4-page leaflet)	1.50
Rubber setamps (regular size), each	.67
Delinquency notices, per 100	.30
Candidates' resignation blanks, per 100	.30

Orders should be accompanied by cash. To keep credit accounts for trifling amounts is a useless waste of time and postage, sent in endeavoring to collect several times over a small sum of 25 or 50 cents.

Address all orders to Henry Kuhn, 2-6 New Reade street, New York City.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS
An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,
AND TAKE NO OTHER KIND.
Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

Workingmen's Mutual Sick and Benevolent Society meets every first and third Wednesday at 501 East Eighty-

THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME-STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUBLISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING PLANT. THAT BALANCE, ON NOVEMBER 15, WAS $4,643, PLUS INTEREST. WATCH AND SEE HOW THE FIGURES OF THE "HOME-STRETCH FUND" GET UP TO IT.

Previously acknowledged	$3,564.46
J. Hertz, Minneapolis, Minn.	50
G. Heans, Portsmouth, Va.	1.00
D. Munro, Portsmouth, Va.	1.00
J. F. Flynn, Tacoma, Wash.	50
Section Tacoma, Washington	7.00
Bunny, New York City	1.00
T. Enos, Scotia, Cal.	35
H. Schoenfeld, 14th A. D., N. Y.	1.00
M. Redington, Seattle, Wash.	5.00
A. Anderson, Seattle, Wash.	3.00
E. Schwartz, Seattle, Wash.	1.00
W. D. Norman, Seattle, Wash.	1.00
W. A. Schultz, Cleveland, Ohio	1.00
J. Van Cota, Cleveland, Ohio	25
L. Herold, Cleveland, Ohio	50
Cash, Cleveland, Ohio	5.00
Collected by Bratburd & Polster, Cleveland, Ohio	2.00
Section Adams, Mass. (Loan), as follows:	
W. Foster, No. Adams, Mass.	3.00
A. Carlson, No. Adams, Mass.	3.00
C. Stoeber, Adams, Mass.	3.00
Section Adams, Mass.	1.00
E. M. White, Pittsburg, Pa.	1.00
J. Brennan, San Jose, Cal.	1.00
E. E. Rouner, San Jose, Cal.	1.00
N. Zolinsky, New York City	25
J. K., New York City	50
P. Twomey, New York City	25
I. Waldman, New York City	25
J. Plomondon, New York City	1.00
C. Sundberg, New Haven, Conn.	15
J. Larsen, New Haven, Conn.	50
C. Wells, New Haven, Conn.	10
M. Stodel, New Haven, Conn.	25
J. Bruno, New York City	25
E. M., New York City	50
H. Deschamps, New York City	1.00
Total	$3,614.56

Note.—Through typographical errors, R. Smith, New York City, was credited with 50 cents, instead of 40 cents, in list of February 21; also in list of December 6, 1903, John Norman, Los Angeles, Cal., was credited with $5.00, which should have been credited to John Haller.

SPECIAL FUND.

As per circular letter of September 3rd, 1901:

Previously acknowledged	$8,127.44
Henry Kuhn, Brooklyn, N. Y., subpoena fee, case of H. Lightbourne	65
Henry Kuhn, Brooklyn (loan certificate)	20.00
Total	$8,148.00

GENERAL ORGANIZER'S FUND.

HEADQUARTERS OF SOCIALIST TRADE AND LABOR ALLIANCE OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, 2-4-6 NEW READE STREET, NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1904.

To All District and Local Alliances, Members at Large and Sympathizers, Greeting:—

The following amounts have been contributed to date establishing a fund for placing an S. T. & L. A. organizer in the field as soon as possible.

Members and friends are urged to increase the amount collected.

Address all contributions to John J. Kinneally, General Secretary, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

Previously acknowledged	$122.50
Eugene Fischer (50c. Weekly pledge)	1.00
F. Brauckman	1.00
J. K.	50
P. T.	50
L. A. 140, New York (Weekly pledges):	
C. C. Crawford	25
J. Newman	20
J. Leahy	20
J. J. Kinneally	10
A. C. Bartels	10
Wm. F. Burke	10
J. P. Johnston	10
T. Edgington	10
F. B. Sullivan	10
D. A. 49, New York:	
O. G. Bisch	25
J. Baldelli	50
D. Baer	25
M. Aul	25
P. Jacobson	25
S. W.	30
C. Wolf	20
A. Olsen	25
Total to date	$129.00

COMMUNE CELEBRATION.

Commune celebration and tenth anniversary of Section Louisville, Ky., Socialist Labor Party, will be held at Beck's Hall, Jefferson and First streets, Sunday, March 20, at 8 p. m. An excellent programme has been arranged by the amusement committee, consisting of recitations, songs, several musical numbers, and an English and German address.

Every friend and sympathizer should make it his or her business to be present, as the proceeds of the entertainment will be used for the campaign fund of Kentucky State Committee and Section Louisville. Admission, 15 cents.

The Committee.

Increase the circulation of the Daily and Weekly People, and you increase the growth and influence of revolutionary Socialism.

PARRY'S ASSOCIATION

Indianapolis Socialist Makes Some Observations on Its Convention.

The Socialist who longs for the realization of his purpose cannot but be encouraged by the proceedings of The Citizens' Industrial Association of America, in its first annual convention in this city February 22d and 23d. If all of the capitalists of this land were but half as class-conscious as the four hundred delegates to this convention, the great question of the day, the "labor question," would be determined in the presidential campaign of this year.

Think of it! David M. Parry, the president of this organization, is clear-headed enough to rise and quote Herbert Spencer's famous sentences in which he prophesies the inevitableness of Socialism, both in European countries and here. Taking Spencer's words as his text Parry "continued and said that Europe looks to America "to save it from being plunged into the darkness of despotism."

Said Parry:

"Shall we be equal to the performance of this sacred duty? If so, let us unite ourselves while there is yet time and drive back into lasting defeat the forces that are at work undermining our institutions.

"Let us make our organization, the Citizens' Alliance Association of America, the fold under which the patriotic citizenship of the country can gather, that we may, through the power of the organization, possess that adequate strength and influence necessary to cope with the organized elements that would overwhelm us. With courage and self-sacrifice we shall succeed and our organization will not only deliver and protect the nation from the menace of socialism, but will become a permanent bulwark of American liberty."

That shows that he understands just what the struggle is—the class-struggle—does it not? And in the minds of all the delegates and on their tongues were identically similar ideas.

And why should the labor question be solved in this presidential campaign if all the capitalists were thoroughly class-conscious? Because that would mean that to-day, the intermediate grades had been melted away, leaving only the capitalists and proletarians facing one another with the issue of Socialism between them.

Another source of refreshment to the Socialist in this convention was the entire candor with which the delegates acknowledged their class-consciousness, and proclaimed the issue of Socialism. Surely we Socialists should be quick to recognize our large gain when a powerful and wealthy organization like this Citizens' Industrial Association repudiates the cowardly and hypocritical theory of the brotherhood of capital and labor!

Strength to the arm of the Association! May the mustard seed multiply! The gods know there is nothing we more desire than an open fight. If they will but give us that, it will not take us long to show them for whom the stars in their courses fight. Seriously, if they will quit buying corrupt "labor" leaders, and force the issue on the rank and file, our victory will soon be won.

However, the candor of these gentlemen of the Association is due more to the brain than to the heart. They have the wisdom to see that the day of subterfuge and evasion is passing, that they cannot much longer obscure the vision of the wage-earner by the purchase of the fakir's leadership. They probably now reason to themselves that after all the policy of the corruption of the labor leadership was a temporary and unwise expedient. But the truth is that the unceasing, unhesitating tide of evolution is hastening them on to their fate.

The proceedings of this convention left no doubt as to the immediate purpose of the organization. Its whole active energy for the present is to be devoted to the extermination of the trade union, root and branch, apparently indifferent to the fact that it will drive the trade unionist into the political camp of the Socialist Labor Party.

The Socialist's fervent hope is that Parry will succeed in making his policy the capitalist policy, though this is doubtful. Such a policy would mean open warfare between capital and labor. This the capitalist cannot afford. Therefore he promotes, as much as his interests will allow, the Hanna hybrid, called the Civic Federation, which makes unionism an adjunct of capitalism.

Donovan.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 25.

WEGENER IN PATERSON.

A free public lecture will be held, under the auspices of the Passaic County Section, S. L. P., at Helvetia Hall, on Sunday, March 6, at 2.30 p. m.

E. P. Wegener will speak on "Socialist Labor Party Narrowness, and Social Democratic, or 'Socialist,' Party Broadness."

We invite the public, particularly those who are not clear on tactics of the S. L. P.

INDIANAPOLIS (IND.) HEADQUARTERS.

The headquarters of Section Indianapolis, Ind., S. L. P., are now located at 29 South Delaware street, Room 12. The Section business meetings will be held the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. Visiting comrades and all others interested will find a welcome at the headquarters.

FRITZSCHE'S BOSTON BAND

O. FRITZSCHE, CONDUCTOR,

MOSTLY COMPOSED OF THE MUSICIANS FROM SOUSA'S BAND, NOW DISENGAGED.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF SECTION NEW YORK S. L. P., FOR THE **DAILY PEOPLE**

At GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
Lexington avenue, between 43d and 44th streets.

Sunday, March 20, 1904, 3 p. m.

Vaudeville Performance, 5 P. M. Ball at 8 P. M.

TICKET, - admitting one, - 25 CENTS
....HAT CHECKS TEN CENTS....

TICKETS CAN BE HAD AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

Excelsior Literary Society, 235 East Broadway, New York; Headquarters of the 14th Assembly District, 177 First avenue, New York; Headquarters of the 16th Assembly District, 331 East 4th street, New York; Headquarters of the 28th Assembly District, 501 East 82nd st., New York; Daily People Office, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

AUCTION AND DANCE

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Scandinavian Socialist Club

—AND—

Massachusetts S. L. P.,

Minot Hall, Cor. West Springfield & Washington Sts., Boston.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1904

This auction will be held to dispose of such articles as will not be disposed of at the fair of the Scandinavian Socialist Club and Massachusetts S. L. P. Dancing starts at 7.30 p. m.

ADMISSION, 15 CENTS. MUSIC, DOHERTY'S BAND.

Directions—Leave L trains at Northampton Street; Surface cars pass the door.

SOLICITORS WANTED

We want solicitors in every city and town who are willing to devote a part or all of their time to extending the circulation of The Weekly People. A special commission will be paid to persons who mean business and can show results. Write for particulars and give references.

The Weekly People 2 to 6 New Reade St., NEW YORK CITY.

AGENTS WANTED!

We Want Agents for Our German Party Organ,

"The Sozialistische Arbeiter Zeitung"

193 CHAMPLAIN STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

GREAT BRITAIN'S S. L. P.

(Continued from page 1)

the real working-class movement. It's a hostile force against which it is compelled to fight.

Out of these conditions the policy of the Socialist Labor Party has arisen as a logical necessity. We find our way to Socialism blocked by the "pure and simple" trade unions, and socialism continually exposed to their malevolent attacks. We find that whether we wish it or not we are compelled to fight them. In order to do this effectually it is our intention in the near future to form socialist trade unions, which will perform any useful function that the existing unions may perform, while also directing the workers towards the goal of the Socialist Republic. That, however, necessitates a strong political party at its back to be at all effective, and the building up of such a party is our immediate aim. In the meantime our trade union policy is one of criticism and exposure, in order to prepare the minds of the workers for the socialist unions. We have also made it a rule that no member of our party shall hold official position in one of the existing unions—so that his power of criticism may be free and untrammeled, and that he may stand clear of the entanglements and temptations that official positions involve.

We make this statement of our policy and tactics, because in the Continent, in America and in Britain, the economic and political forces of labor are necessarily related to each other. Each has an international field of action. We enter upon this campaign not without a clear understanding of the desperate battle before us of the hatreds and enmities we shall arouse even among so-called socialists. But we feel assured that in working for the overthrow of the barrier that has stood between the working-class and socialism we have adopted the only method that will bring the British workers in line with the international revolutionary army.

NEIL M. MACLEAN,
National Secretary of the Socialist Labor Party.
23 Adelphi Street, S. S., Glasgow.

IMPERIAL CAFE
CARL SCHAUB, Prop.
LADIES' AND GENTS' DINING ROOM
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS
EVERYTHING IN SEASON
Imported Wines, Liquors and Cigars a specialty.
No. 9 RAILROAD PLACE
SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

SECTION CALENDER.

Frequently we received inquiries from Sections as to our advertising rates, for the purpose of advertising their meetings, and headquarters, etc. In order to meet the demand we have decided to publish such notices under the above heading at the rate of 25 cents an inch.

STURZ PIANOS.
Sold on Easy Terms Direct from
FACTORY WAREROOMS.
AT 142 LINCOLN AVE.
134th St., Block East of 3d Ave.

SOCIAL AND DANCE

To be given by the

S. L. P., Belleville, Ill.

—AT—

Huff's Hall

—ON—

Saturday Eve, March 19, '04

ADMISSION, 15C. LADIES FREE.